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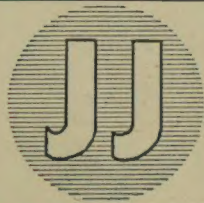


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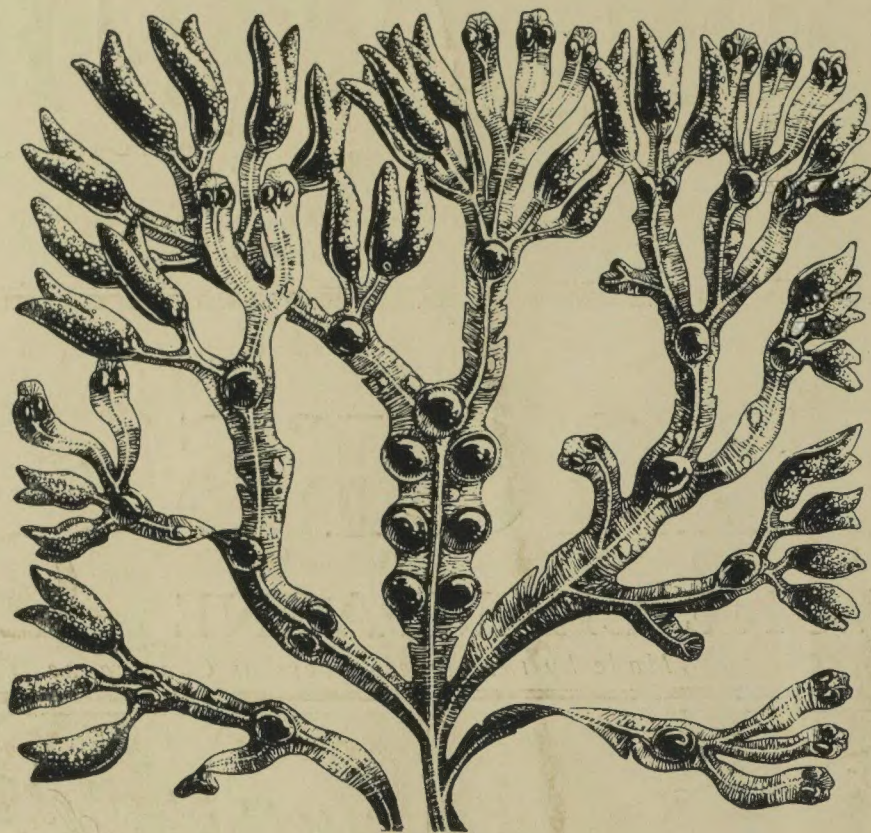
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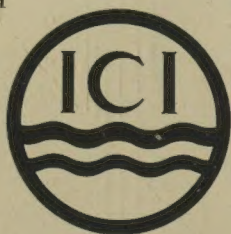


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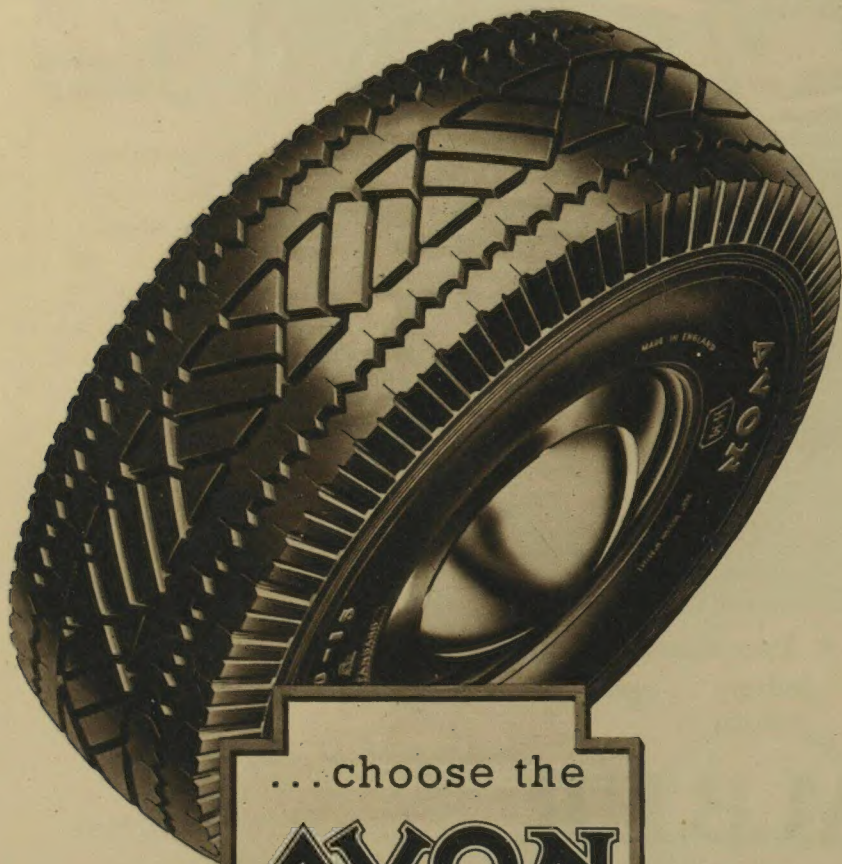
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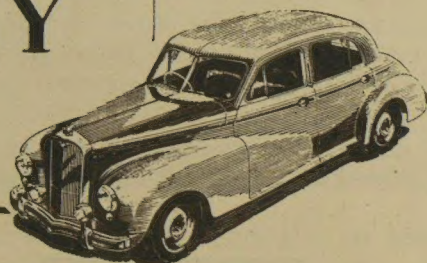
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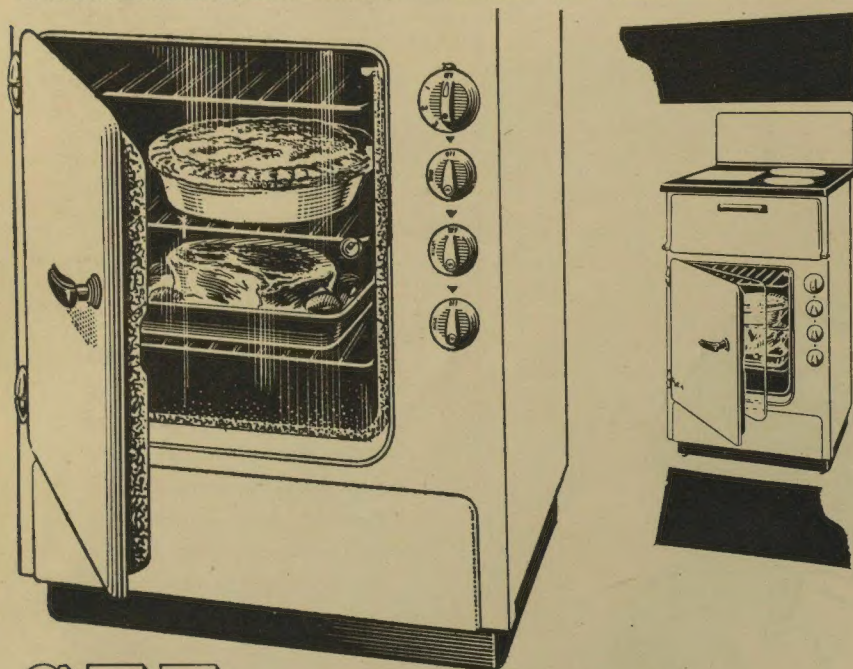
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SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1952.



THE KINDLING OF THE OLYMPIC FLAME: THE EARLY MORNING RAYS OF THE SUN STRIKE A CONCAVE MIRROR IN THE ANCIENT OLYMPIC STADIUM AND LIGHT THE TORCH HELD BY THE KNEELING GREEK MAIDEN.

The Olympiad began in the early morning of June 25, when the sun's rays were captured in a concave mirror in the ancient Stadium of Olympia, in Greece. Greek girls in the brown tunics of Spartan girl athletes stood round, and one, Xanthippe, kneeling, caught the first flame on an impregnated stick. This flame was then transferred to a pottery bowl held out by another maiden, Rhea, and carried in procession to a white marble bowl beside the River Alpheus. Thence

the first of 370 Greek runners lit his torch and began the relay which took the flame to Athens. Here it was welcomed in the Stadium on the evening of June 26 by King Paul of the Hellenes, who said: "Let this flame be a link in the reunion of sporting youth and of the peoples of the world." From Athens the flame was flown in a special lantern to Denmark and here taken on by relays of runners who would carry it to Helsinki, where it was due to arrive on July 19.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

A GREAT deal is being written and talked to-day—mostly, it is true, by professional politicians, journalists and commercial advertisers—about a new Elizabethan age. One newspaper has even gone to the sensational length of publishing a composite picture of our young Queen in Elizabethan dress surrounded by a group of eminent contemporaries clad in trunk hose, ruffs and all the Wardour Street paraphernalia that passes for sixteenth-century costume in popular esteem. Somehow, it appears to be hoped, by putting them into spiritual tights, Mr. Attlee will become another Sir Walter Raleigh and Mr. Priestley or Mr. Eliot a second Shakespeare, while Mr. Butlin, flying the high pennant of Private Enterprise, will go rollicking off to the West Indies and return with his hold full of gold to redress the adverse balance of our dollar payments. What Mr. Churchill, already rather an Elizabethan figure, is to become under this Drury Lane transfiguration is not quite clear, but something pretty high-powered, one is given to understand, in the "Ercles vein." Anyway, we shall all grow young again, and live for another 100 years, and go boasting and venturing and bounding about the world like the jolly gentleman in the British Railways poster on the sands of Blackpool, or is it Skegness? It is a heartening picture, at any rate, for those who like this sort of thing. But it is also, I feel, a little remote from the facts. Putting new wine into old bottles has never been a very realist policy.

It was, indeed, in the nation's realisation of this prosaic fact that the greatness of the Elizabethan age resided. The last three-quarters of the sixteenth century was an epoch of new departures. After Henry VIII.'s breach with Rome and the Protector Somerset's forward policy, there was a reaction under Mary Tudor. But once Elizabeth succeeded her backward-looking sister the country went unrepiningly forward along the new paths in which the greatest of her Sovereigns, so shrewdly, boldly yet temperately, guided it. Hers was a reign like those of William the Conqueror and Henry II., when new foundations were deeply laid. It is not by looking backwards to the first Elizabeth that we shall make glorious the age of the second. It is, while retaining what is good and permanent in the old England we have known, by striking out fearlessly in search of a new one. At present it is very hard to see the slightest sign that we are doing so. Our island continues grossly and increasingly over-populated and our sister-nations overseas, crying out for a great constructive policy of Commonwealth migration, remain absurdly and perilously under-populated. Our antiquated, mid-nineteenth-century taxation system, strained to breaking-point by ever-rising and inflated Government expenditure, continues, under the rule of a blinkered Treasury, to encourage idleness and inefficiency and to penalise, to the point of despair, initiative, energy and thrift. And the anarchy and despotism grow ever more unplanned, uncontrolled and unco-ordinated of contending Government Departments, invested with almost unlimited powers by a Legislature which has neither the time nor the machinery to discipline its own creatures, and which appears, to the subject, more and more to have ceased to be his protector and become his oppressor. These are not the foundations of a new Elizabethan age; they are far more like the phenomena that ruined imperial Spain under the rule—so like that, in many ways, of our modern senior Civil Servants—of Elizabeth's contemporary, Philip II. To a cynical observer from another world, modern Britain might appear—and not wholly unreasonably—to be governed by a stagnant trinity of Second Grave-diggers—bulky, stodge-minded Trades Union veterans still laboriously set on redressing the industrial grievances of 1906; Big Business pundits, of similar years and figures, solemnly enunciating the commercial principles of the 1860's while following the financial practices of the 1920's; and autocratic, rule-of-thumb departmental mandarins eternally doing everything in due order weeks, months and sometimes years after the hour for doing it profitably and effectively has passed.

For whatever her Sovereign may be named, Britain will neither win the admiration of the world nor save herself until she is led once more by men of imagination, ideas and courage. All our kindnesses and excellencies—our tea bonuses for old ladies, our free wigs and dentures for the hairless and toothless, our freedom from the grosser forms of corruption—can avail us nothing without these. There can have been very few periods in our history when, to outward appearance, at any rate, the country's rulers can have seemed so sterile and fog-bound as at present:

There comes no answer from arch or dome,
For none in the city of graves go home.

There have been other epochs in our past, however, when minds have stood still, and when the only way England's so-called leaders could conceive

of a policy was by looking backwards through their own legs. One such was the long period of confusion and decline which preceded the rise of the Tudors. The fourteenth and fifteenth centuries saw an immense, if gradual and often interrupted, growth of English private wealth and activity. But they brought almost nothing that endured in the formulation and direction of national policy. The age of the great constructive Norman and Plantagenet Kings, William I., the first and second Henrys, Edward I., who laid the foundations of our national law, Parliament and administration in the first two-and-a-half centuries after the Conquest, ended in 1307. From the last two Edwards, from Richard II., from the Lancastrian and Yorkist Kings scarcely anything permanent emerged—that has made us a great nation, unless one excepts the enduring symbolism of an institution like the Order of the Garter or the foundations of Winchester and Eton. The minds of these Sovereigns and those of their advisers were sterile. The only English ruler of genius in the 180 years between Edward I. and Henry VII. was the Lancastrian warrior ascetic, Henry V.—a kind of fifteenth-century T. E. Lawrence on the throne—and his genius, remarkable though it was, was completely uncreative. He could think of nothing except in the terms of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and spent his brief life trying to revive the trans-Channel empire of his great-great-great-great-great-grandfather, Henry II., and the Crusade of his great-great-great-great-great-uncle Richard I. None of the germinating decisions that made the years between 1330 and 1590 so momentous in our development as a nation belong to this time. It was that remarkable dynasty of three rulers of genius—Henry VII., Henry VIII. and Elizabeth—who, with their Welsh fire and imagination, set England on a new course. They turned her feet towards the oceans and freed the conscience of the individual from the formalism of a bureaucratic international Church. They set in motion the great tide of liberalism

that has flowered outwards across every sea from sixteenth-century England for more than 300 years. The first Cæsars did nothing greater.

Can we do the same? Can we do anything comparable? Only, I suggest, if we become conscious of what they did and of the real nature of their achievement. And we shall do that when we begin to realise, as they did, and as their early Norman and Plantagenet predecessors did, that the first condition of an enduring political edifice is to conceive and formulate the kind of society one desires, and then to mould one's laws and social institutions to create it. The Communists do this, and have achieved, over a large part of the globe and in an incredibly short space of time, a cataclysmic success by doing so. We, who detest their political ideal and refuse to accept its rigid domination, must, if we are to escape its fetters, create an alternative, not only more attractive, but as dynamic and enduring. That is just what Elizabeth and the Elizabethans did in the conditions of the seventeenth century. It is for us, to be true Elizabethans, to do it in our own.

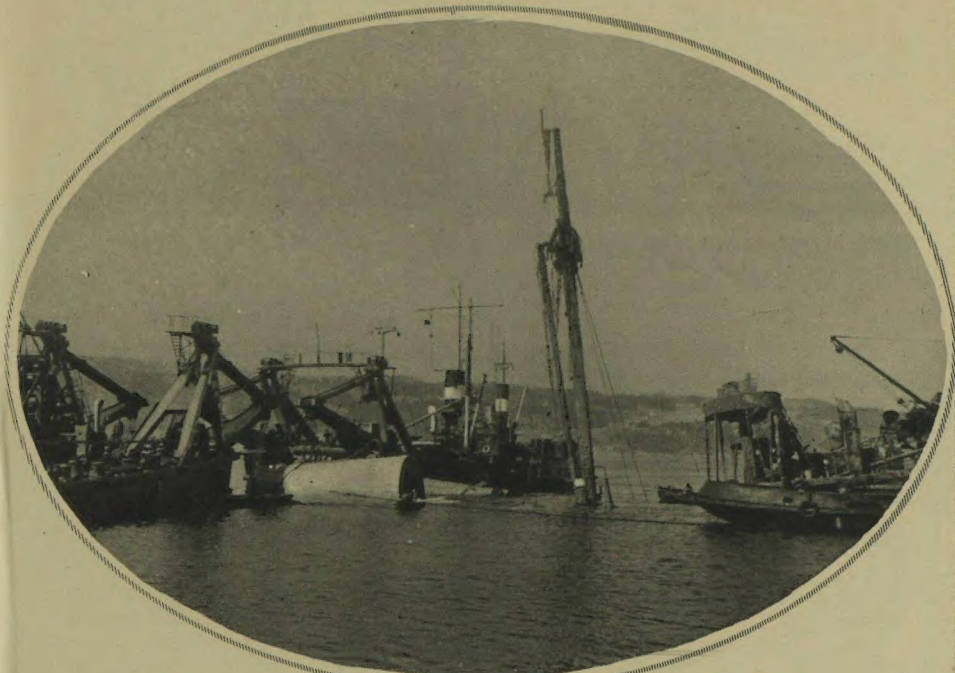
ARCHÆOLOGY AND "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

FOR the last half-century and more THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS has done probably more than any other periodical of general and world circulation to bridge the gap between the past and the present; and to make "the dead bones live." It has been our object during those years to show not only the romance and drama of the past—whether the past of the ape-men, the past of the Pharaohs, of Greece and Rome, or the birth of the great Mesopotamian and other civilisations—but also to point the fact that the story of those far-off days, however fragmentary or obscure, is also the story of today. This we have endeavoured to do in such a way that our archæological pages should hold the attention alike of the scholar and of the general public, and that the romance and drama should be conveyed without loss of accuracy and dignity; and we believe that some credit, at all events, is due to us that archæology is now not the private interest of a handful of scholars and antiquarians but has become a living subject of the widest interest to a public of all classes, all ages and both sexes.

We therefore take this opportunity to recommend to our readers who are interested in archæology that they take out a yearly subscription in order that they do not miss any of the interesting and important subjects which will be appearing frequently in our pages in the future. The following is a list of subjects covered in the half-year just completed:

1952			
January 5	Pot-holing used to assist archæology—in a Roman Well in Somerset.	April 5	Statuary, archaic and Hellenistic, from the sanctuary of Apollo Hylates at Curium, in Cyprus. (G. H. McFadden.)
January 12	A hoard of Minoan weapons discovered at Knossos, Crete. (Piet de Jong and Sinclair Hood.)	April 19	The reopening of the excavations at Pompeii.
January 19	An exceptionally rich find of Minoan pottery at Phaistos, Crete. (Professor Doro Levi.)	May 3	A New World Benedictine Nunnery before the days of Columbus, excavated in Greenland. (C. L. Vebæk.)
January 26	The cleaning and restoration of the Ormside Bowl and the Sutton Hoo Standard by the British Museum.	May 10	The ancient capital of Cyprus: excavating through 4000 years of civilisation at Old Paphos, Cyprus. (T. B. Mitford.)
March 1	The footprints of Neanderthal Man—perhaps the earliest human footprints—preserved in an Italian cave. (Professor A. C. Blanc.)	May 17	What the city of Bath looked like in Roman times. A reconstruction drawing by Alan Sorrell. (Miss I. E. Anthony.)
March 8	Mosaics for a Roman Millionaire—the finest and largest yet known—at Piazza Armerina, Sicily, including a fourth-century A.D. "Bikini." A second article. (G. V. Gentili.)	May 24	The 3300-year-old bull's head silver-and-gold cup and other important discoveries at Enkomi-Alasia, in Cyprus. (Professor C. F. A. Schaeffer.) With two pages in colour.
March 15	The earliest naturalistic sculptures known—friezes of the Magdalenian "Three Graces" and a group of Ibexes—found near Angles, France. (Professor Dorothy Garrod and Mlle. de St-Mathurin.)	May 31	Sea People gods in bronze and an Achaean chieftain's house discovered at Enkomi-Alasia, Cyprus. (Professor C. F. A. Schaeffer.)
March 22	A Bronze Age sanctuary at Pigadhes, in Cyprus. (Miss J. Du Plat Taylor.)	June 7	The discovery of an unknown Step Pyramid at Sakkarā. (Dr. Zakkaria Goneim.)
March 29	Phoenician, Roman and Byzantine Sabratha, with a reconstruction drawing of the Tripolitanian city by Alan Sorrell. (Miss K. M. Kenyon.)	June 28	The discovery of a great cache of Sumerian literature, with plaques and statues of Sumerian and Babylonian gods at Nippur. (Dr. Donald E. McCown.)

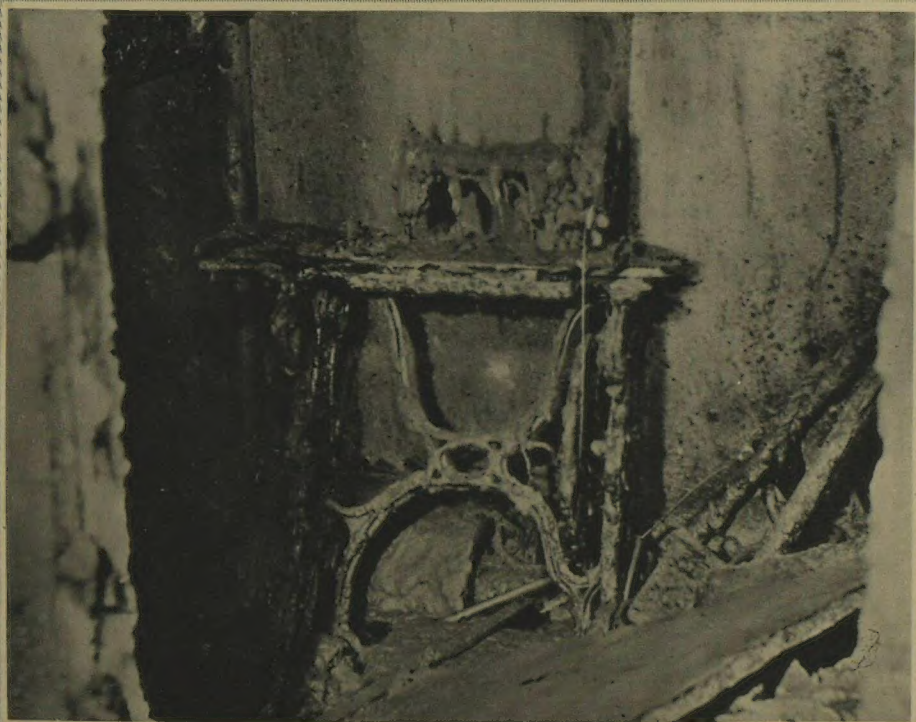
A NOTORIOUS PRISON-SHIP RAISED AFTER SEVEN YEARS; THE DONAU.



THE FIRST SIGHT OF THE EX-GERMAN FREIGHTER AND PRISON-SHIP *DONAU* AFTER SEVEN YEARS UNDER THE SEA: HER SEAWEED-DRAPED MASTS APPEARING ABOVE THE WATER.

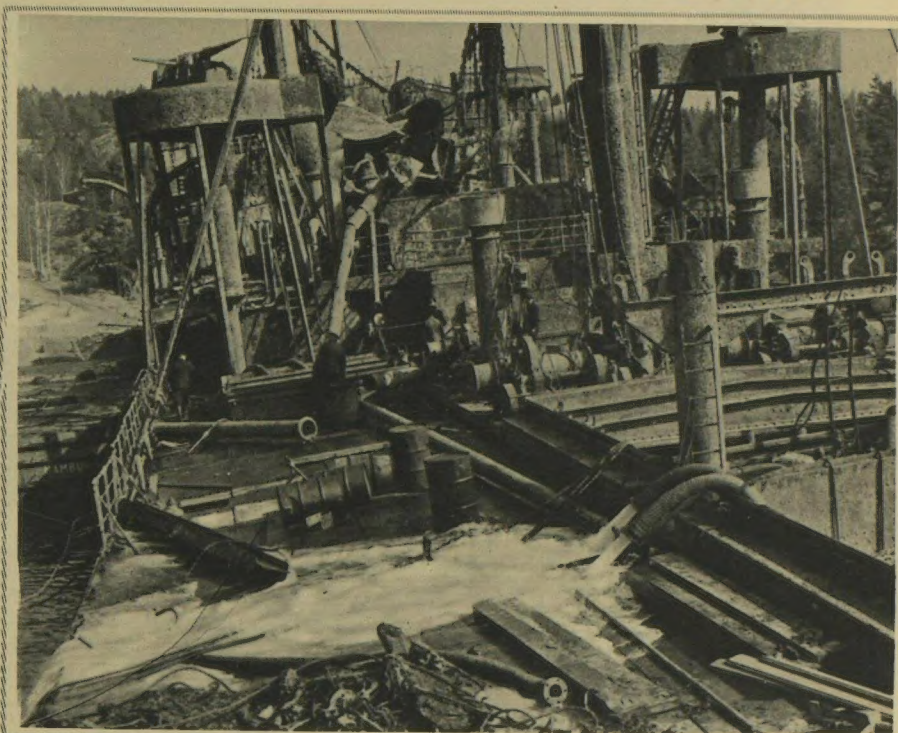


GERMAN CARS AFTER SEVEN YEARS IMMERSION IN SEA-WATER: A VIEW OF SOME OF THE VEHICLES AS THEY WERE FOUND IN THE HOLD OF *DONAU*.



A SEWING-MACHINE WHICH HAD SUFFERED A CONSIDERABLE SEA-CHANGE: IT IS SHOWN EXACTLY AS IT WAS WHEN FOUND IN THE SALVAGED EX-GERMAN SHIP *DONAU*.

In January, 1945, the German ex-freighter *Donau* (9000 tons), which had been used as a wartime prison-ship, was due to sail from Oslo with front-line troops and equipment for the German forces on the Western front, but as she steamed down Oslo Fjord explosions occurred, and she sank. Two Norwegian patriots and saboteurs, Max Manus (who received high Norwegian, British and U.S. decorations for his Resistance work) and Roy Nilson, had succeeded in attaching ten "limpets" under the water-line as *Donau* lay in harbour. Now, after seven years, the ship has been salvaged. A Bergen ship-owner purchased her and, after six months' work, a Hamburg salvage company have raised her. She is



THE DECK OF *DONAU* WHEN, AFTER SIX MONTHS' WORK, SHE HAD BEEN RAISED FROM THE BED OF THE OSLO FJORD; EXPERTS BELIEVE THAT SHE CAN BE RENDERED SHIPSHAPE.



SURROUNDED BY THE SALVAGE VESSELS WHICH RAISED HER AFTER SIX MONTHS' WORK: *DONAU*, AN EX-GERMAN SHIP, SUNK IN 1945 BY TWO NORWEGIAN PATRIOTS.

covered with rust, encrusted with shells and wreathed with seaweed; but it is believed that she can be rendered seaworthy, though repairs will cost about £250,000. Her engines are reported to be in good condition, as their coating of oil preserved them; but the cars in her holds are rusted over and coated with mud and salt; and equipment such as the sewing-machine illustrated is now just scrap. To build a ship of *Donau's* size to-day would cost some £800,000, so, although the owner paid some £30,000 for her, and the salvage fee will amount to about £90,000, the deal should still show a profit. *Donau* is to go into-service as a freighter under a new name, *Bergensiana*.



ADVANCED PROJECTS—THE PROGRESS OF A REVOLUTION IN AVIATION, GRAPHICALLY DISPLAYED.

manufactured in Esnain under licence from the U.S.); the Westland W.60 (a 20-seater civil transport helicopter planned for inter-city service); the Westland W.81 (a 30-seater powered with a *Twin-Mamba* turboprop, already far advanced in design); and the Westland W.85 (a project to meet future military requirements). Of these, the S.51 are already in general use—in passenger services, mail services, with the Navy and the RAF—and from them it is possible to make much use of the *Dragonfly* and the *Dragonfly* and, besides, for crop-dusting purposes in this country and overseas. The *Dragonfly* has been used with conspicuous success in the Malayan campaign. The S.55 is larger and can carry loads approaching

a ton. In the Secons it is especially suitable as a flying ambulance. The W.80 and the W.81 are natural developments and are designed as inter-city transports and consequently projected with the economic pay-loads of respectively twenty and thirty passengers. The W.82 is a development of the W.80, with a larger drawing-board, and is especially interesting as the power-unit will be a turboprop of the *Twin-Mamba* type, mounted in the roof and driving a single four-bladed rotor. The W.85 is an even more ambitious project and is designed to carry about 100 passengers. It has a three-bladed rotor, a four-bladed rotor in front-loading door, which converts it into a landing-craft of the air. In this design, small

gas-turbines of the Armstrong-Siddeley *Siddeley* type will be mounted in pairs at the ends of the three-bladed rotor, and these, together, will have a combined static thrust of about 6300 lb. It will be noted that Westland are pinning their faith on single-rotor aircraft, though other firms in this country and abroad have designs incorporating two or three rotors. Whichever design predominates in the future, it is plain that the helicopter has come to stay and, once there are additional rotors, the helicopter will be able to operate in a much wider range of environments. The helicopter is of immense value in a small island like this, crowded with towns and lacking in the cheap, open and level wide expanses needed for conventional airfields.

MACAO, PORTUGAL'S FOOTHOLD IN CHINA: A PARALLEL TO BRITAIN'S HONG KONG.



WITH THE VENETIAN CHURCH AND BISHOP'S RESIDENCE CROWNING THE HILL IN THE BACKGROUND: A VIEW OF MACAO, PORTUGAL'S COLONY IN CHINA.



WITH WOMEN IN CHINESE COSTUME AND IN WESTERN DRESSES AMONG THE SHOPPERS: A VIEW LOOKING DOWN ONE OF THE MAIN STREETS.



THE MACAO WATERFRONT, LOOKING TOWARDS THE MOUNTAINS OF COMMUNIST CHINA: IN THE FOREGROUND ARE RIVER STEAMERS, WHILE CHINESE CRAFT AND YACHTS ARE SCATTERED ABOUT THE ESTUARY.

refugees throughout the Sino-Japanese War and during World War II, when Far East centre which escaped Japanese occupation. Now, as a Portuguese port, free of the Chinese Nationalist blockade, its trade, mostly transit, handled by Chinese

CHINA is, to the Western mind, a land of contradictions, and not the strangest of these is provided by the Western enclaves on the mainland of that vast country, now held under Communist rule. One is the new territories of the British Hong Kong, the Crown Colony ceded to this country in 1841; the other is the Portuguese colony of Macao, on a peninsula at the mouth of the Canton River, which came into the possession of the Portuguese in

(Continued below.)



AN ILLUSTRATION OF THE FLOURISHING CONDITIONS WHICH NOW OBTAIN IN MACAO: A JEWELLER'S SHOP, DECORATED IN MODERN STYLE, WITH CHINESE WOMEN CUSTOMERS, IN TRADITIONAL COSTUME, MAKING PURCHASES.



LOOKING TOWARDS THE COAST OF CHINA: A SUPERB PANORAMA OF MOUNTAINS AND SEA FROM HONG KONG. THE VIEW IS TAKEN FROM NEAR ST. ROSA DE LIMA COLLEGE.

(Continued.) c. 1557, and forms, with the two small adjacent islands of Taipa and Coloane, a province divided into two wards, each with its own administrator. At present, Portugal holds the territory (area, six square miles) by a treaty with China of 1887. Macao early became the chief entrepôt of trade between China and Japan. Many fortunes were made there, and as trade expanded, colleges, convents and churches were built. Macao was the headquarters of Roman Catholic missions to China, and is famous for the splendid work done there for

it was a Western port, free of the Chinese Nationalist blockade, its trade, mostly transit, handled by Chinese

(Continued above, right.)



THE FAVOURITE AMUSEMENT OF THE CHINESE IN MACAO AS IN ALL TOWNS AND CITIES OF THE HUGE COUNTRY OF CHINA: A GROUP IN A GAMBLING HOUSE. THE PLAYERS INCLUDE YOUNG BOYS AND ELDERLY PEOPLE.

A PORTUGUESE COLONY SINCE ABOUT 1557, MACAO, AT THE MOUTH OF THE CANTON.



MACAO, WHICH IS SITUATED ON A PENINSULA AT THE MOUTH OF THE CANTON OPPOSITE TO AND SHOWS TALL, MODERN BUILDINGS IN THE BACKGROUND.



THE EXIT FROM MACAO INTO CHINA: THE BARRIER GATE, OR PORTO DO CERCO, WHICH IS SITUATED ON THE NARROW ISTHMUS AT THE END OF THE PENINSULA OF MACAO.



THE EXIT FROM MACAO INTO CHINA: THE BARRIER GATE, OR PORTO DO CERCO, WHICH IS SITUATED ON THE NARROW ISTHMUS AT THE END OF THE PENINSULA OF MACAO.

(Continued.) flourishing condition. Macao is now heavily garrisoned by Portuguese troops, but the Colony would be exceedingly difficult to defend. There is no airport or airstrip in Macao, and the only air communications it has are by seaplane with Hong Kong. The position of the colony at the mouth of the Canton River rendered it, in the past, an ideal ground for smuggling operations, and to-day it is inevitable that some contraband should still pass into China, brought ashore in

(Continued below.)



A ROMANTIC MOONLIGHT PICTURE AT THE MOUTH OF THE CANTON RIVER: IN THE PAST MUCH SMUGGLING WAS DONE AT NIGHT, AND SOME STILL CONTINUES.



WITH HIGH, ARCHED WINDOWS RECALLING PORTUGUESE ARCHITECTURE: A STREET WITH TYPICAL FIGURES CARRYING BASKETS BALANCED ON POLES.



THE EXIT FROM MACAO INTO CHINA: THE BARRIER GATE, OR PORTO DO CERCO, WHICH IS SITUATED ON THE NARROW ISTHMUS AT THE END OF THE PENINSULA OF MACAO.

(Continued.) sampans or "snake-boats," as they are called on account of their shape. On our pages we give photographs illustrating the general aspect of Macao. The Pearl River runs on the east, and on the west are streams of the West River delta, flowing down from Kong-moon. The ancient buildings in the city include the old Monte Fort, first built by the Jesuits, and taken over by the Government early in the seventeenth century. The Bishop's summer residence is on a hilltop, with Penha Chapel, first built in 1622 and rebuilt in 1935, with a replica of the Grotto of Lourdes. The Cathedral, rebuilt in 1849, was remodelled in 1938. The population, though predominantly Chinese, includes Portuguese, Europeans of various nationalities, Indians, and half-castes. The Governor-General is Commander Albano de Oliveira.

THE High Commissioner in Malaya, General Sir Gerald Templer, gave an interim account of his stewardship in London on June 19. He cannot be said to have been favoured by luck in achieving the measure of success already attained. The brightest side of the murky Malayan picture has hitherto been the prosperity of the rubber industry. Despite the disturbance of the country and the danger which besets the staffs of estates, especially European managers, output and export have been well maintained. Now a fall in the price of natural rubber threatens calamity to the whole Malayan economy, the revenue of the Federation and the livelihood of the people. The cause is the increasing use of synthetic rubber in the United States. Great improvements have been made in the quality of the various types manufactured, but the substitution of synthetic

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. FIVE MONTHS IN MALAYA.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

Malaya are bound up with the Chinese, yet until recently they have been divorced from responsibility for it.

The greatest transformation which has occurred in Malaya has been the resettlement. This is likely to have important effects in many respects. It has already, in Sir Gerald Templer's opinion, forced the rebels to reduce the size of their gangs. It is impossible to say whether these new communities will prove an economic success. Meanwhile, however, the efforts made to obtain reliable Chinese aid in managing and controlling the villages in which the former squatters are being resettled is manifestly sound policy. We had all heard that this was being done on a large scale, but probably few of us had realised how big. We are now told that 425,000 souls have been placed in 410 new villages. Village councils are being elected, and the inhabitants are being given opportunities to form their own "home guard." Chinese are also being enlisted in the security forces—again a wise experiment, but one about which it would be risky to prophesy. To turn to broader considerations, the reorganisation of the police is being carried out and arrangements have been made for the police depot to train recruits at the rate of 4000 a year instead of 3000. A school for the higher training of police officers is to open in August, and instructors for the special constables are already being trained by the Malay Regiment.

The key to effective action against any terrorist organisation is intelligence, the collection of speedy and reliable information. The successful Communist ambush in the Cameron Highlands, resulting in the death of five soldiers of the Manchester Regiment, a Malay police officer and two Chinese civilians, which occurred on the same day as the High Commissioner's Press conference in London, could in all probability have been avoided only by fuller information from the district. It may well be that no one was to blame on this occasion. However good the intelligence service, it cannot be made proof against all ambushes and ruses. Nevertheless, it may be hoped, by improving the system, to eliminate a large proportion of such accidents. Few of the losses which have occurred in Malaya have been due to any cause other than surprise attack by the terrorists. Sir Gerald Templer had to report progress

in this field. Information from the public, and particularly from the Chinese, was, he said, increasing. He rated this as an important factor in recent tactical successes. Information about the movements and intentions of terrorists may be more valuable than many machine-guns, and, whereas in regular warfare the best source of information is that which the intelligence officer labels "own troops," in this sort of guerrilla warfare it is more likely to be the public.

In a number of my articles since the war I have tried to make clear my belief that the type of resistance encountered in Malaya is typical of a spirit relatively new, or at least seldom encountered in the recent past in so intense a form. It is not merely an instance of fanaticism, but also shaped by tactical experience. And not all this experience comes from fighting with lethal weapons. The followers of the late Mahatma Gandhi, who lay down across the railway track to prevent the movement of a train, helped to provide it. Communist ideas have reinforced it. The terrorist offensive is carried out in the realm of the mind even more than with firearms. Only very small numbers are involved in it, but they are devoted heart and soul to their dark and bloody profession—and when they are killed, others have always so far been found to take their places in the ranks. Their existence is stripped of all but the barest necessities. (Perhaps the clearest accounts of this are to be found in some of the regimental magazines of British infantry regiments that have served in Malaya.) Their only possessions which are far different from those of primitive man are their rifles and cartridges. One may find them utterly detestable, but one cannot treat them as despicable.

It must be obvious that some are less inflexible and infatuated than others, because not all can live up to the austere standard of pure orthodoxy. The weaker brethren are kept upon their path by the complete zealots. That is a practice which Communism has always enjoined and in which it has achieved greater success than any other doctrine of modern times. On the military side, these people have not only absorbed Napoleon's teaching about the superiority of the moral to the material, but actually extended it. They know too much to think

that wars can be won against regular forces by standing up to them and fighting toe to toe. Not for them—though their tactics are based on no lack of courage—the fate of the dervish who won the admiration of Kipling's soldier:

Then 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an'
the missis and the kid;
Our orders was to break you, an' of
course we went an' did.

We sloshed you with Martinis, an' it wasn't
'ardly fair;
But for all the odds agin you, Fuzzy-Wuz, you broke
the square.

To the modern guerrilla that is magnificent but not war.

His aim is not to "destroy the enemy," but to reduce Government, law, production and trade to chaos. His objective is something more complex and more sensitive than the armed forces, except when he is fighting to obtain arms. Another of his aims might have been borrowed from the repertoire of a man of whom he has never heard, Marshal Lyautey. It is that of establishing a *tache d'huile*, a spot of oil, getting control of an area, however small it may be to begin with, spreading the oil wider, and then, if fortune favours him, linking it with other spots, so that he may establish his sway over a considerable district. Even when matters have been at their worst in Malaya, he cannot be said to have achieved any substantial success on these lines. When such success is achieved on a large scale, a situation arises like that we saw in Greece. This danger has been averted and, if Sir Gerald Templer's impression of a slight weakening of the enemy's morale proves to be correct, it will continue to be held off. This is satisfactory, though it does not in itself betoken a speedy end, and the High Commissioner emphasised that he did not expect one.

High courage and tactical skill are needed to fight foes of this character, but something more is wanted also. This factor is the support of the people. Ideally, it should be the support of all the law-abiding people. Since, however, many in every community and race are too timid to give it, all the leader in Sir Gerald Templer's place can hope for is that of the great bulk of the people. That will probably suffice. Again, ideally, it should be given as a duty, but the world and mankind being what they are, it is likely to be accorded in greater measure from people who believe that their material interests as well as their safety are the concern of authority. General Templer started on his task with a clear perception of this need. Both politically and economically he has done his best to shape his policy on these lines. An attack which is directed against the community has to be



"WE ARE GOING TO RESTORE LAW AND ORDER . . .": GENERAL SIR GERALD TEMPLER, BRITISH HIGH COMMISSIONER IN MALAYA.

General Sir Gerald Templer, who has been in London for consultations with the Colonial Secretary and the Service Departments, spoke of the problems of Malaya on June 19. He said: "We are going to restore law and order so that the peoples of Malaya can proceed along the path to self-government, free of the present threats of violence." He referred to the serious situation caused by the recent fall in the price of natural rubber. On this page Captain Cyril Falls discusses the situation in Malaya and also lays stress on this new factor. General Sir Gerald Templer has since returned to Malaya.

for natural rubber has been in part due to a strategic consideration. It has been influenced by memories of the Second World War, in the latter part of which natural rubber became very difficult to obtain. The artificial nature of world trade to-day increases the difficulty of Malaya. It cannot be said that all demands for natural rubber are satisfied, and in normal circumstances the drop in price would probably rouse other buyers to activity; but there are hardly any free markets now.

Malaya produces 45 per cent. of the world's supply of natural rubber. Its economy is largely bound up with this industry. And, as Sir Gerald Templer pointed out, the situation is now even more serious than it would generally be because Malaya is committed to heavy expenditure on the measures taken to fight terrorism and restore law and order. He suggested that natural and synthetic rubber might both find a place and exist together, but he felt that during the next two years the former would have a hard struggle. He expressed confidence that the Americans, in face of this problem, would keep in mind considerations wider than those of protecting their synthetic rubber industry. This may prove to be the case. Yet it is not impossible that natural rubber will be as strongly assailed and as seriously reduced in importance by synthetic, as silk is being by the combined assaults of nylon and rayon, though it is superior to either of them in most respects. I cannot profess to be sufficiently expert in the subject to be capable of a forecast on that point.

Sir Gerald Templer has from the first been cautious in his statements. He claims an improvement since he arrived in Malaya, but does not prophesy any speedy return to normality. The casualties suffered by the security forces have dropped by 30 per cent., and those of civilians by 18 per cent. These percentages represent results not to be underrated, though not such as to arouse enthusiasm. Clearly the problem of security on the military side is, in his eyes, mainly a Chinese problem. Out of 3045 terrorists killed since 1948, 2845 have been Chinese. The leaders of the bands have been almost all alien Chinese. The Malays have been at the worst neutral, but to a greater extent have supported the efforts to deal with terrorism. The High Commissioner was justified in claiming that this was not a national movement. Yet the Chinese are now moving towards the status of citizens of a country in which they have settled in such great numbers. In the long run it will have to be owned that any cause supported by the bulk of the Chinese community is a national cause to a great extent. Not only the present trouble but also the future of



THE COMMISSIONER-GENERAL FOR THE UNITED KINGDOM IN SOUTH-EAST ASIA: MR. MALCOLM MACDONALD.

Mr. Malcolm MacDonald has been Commissioner-General for the United Kingdom in South-East Asia since 1948. His sphere of activity covers the Federation of Malaya, Singapore, North Borneo, Sarawak and Brunei. Our unconventional portrait of him is reproduced from *Life International* of January 14, which was concerned with the free countries of Asia. In this Mr. MacDonald was referred to as "an unpretentious shirt-sleeve diplomat . . . a man of tact and imagination."

met by the community. From time to time he has uttered warnings that this popular support was not strong enough or developing quickly enough. Yet there seems to be no doubt that it is developing, and that the effect is already being felt. He now has to face the new handicap of the drop in the price of rubber. Let us wish him the fortune which his courage and energy deserve in as difficult a task as any man could have upon his hands.



THE MASS RAIDS ON THE NORTH KOREAN POWER PLANTS: SMOKE AND FLAMES RISING FROM THE WRECKED SUIHO POWER PLANT, AT THE RIGHT (KOREAN) END OF THE HUGE SUIHO DAM. MANCHURIA IS ON THE LEFT OF THE PICTURE.

On June 23 some 500 United Nations' aircraft were employed in the heaviest raid of the Korean war, to bomb five hydro-electric plants supplying electric power to North Korea and much of Manchuria. The principal target was the Suiho plant on the Suiho dam on the Yalu River. On the following day, 200 aircraft were used to bomb again the four other plants. These raids caused considerable reaction in this country and in France. The matter was debated in the House of Commons, where the Opposition put forward the point of view that there should have been prior consultation by the United States with the other active

allies, that such a raid was inopportune during truce negotiations and, by some, that the targets were not legitimate and the operation would tend to extend the war. Mr. Eden's reply established quite definitely that the targets were perfectly legitimate but that it would have been desirable that there should have been prior consultation, especially as Lord Alexander had recently been in Korea (where he had not been informed of the plan). Reaction in France was somewhat similar. It also appeared that Mr. Acheson had not been informed about the raid. On June 26 about 150 Allied aircraft were used in further power-plant raids.

NEWS IN PICTURES FROM FOUR CONTINENTS: REGIMENTAL OCCASIONS AND TOPICAL EVENTS.



WINNER OF THE NATIONAL ROSE SOCIETY'S MEDAL FOR THE BEST BLOOM IN THE NURSERYMEN'S CLASSES: "MME. YVES LATIEULE"—WHICH WAS SHOWN BY MESSRS. R. HARKNESS AND CO. ON JUNE 27.



THE NEW PHILIPPINE ISLAND VOLCANO, DIDICAS—PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE SEA FROM THE BRITISH STEAMER *QUEEN ANNE* AT A DISTANCE OF SEVERAL MILES. AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHS, SHOWING THE GROWTH OF THIS ISLAND FROM THREE VOLCANIC ROCKS SINCE MARCH, APPEARED IN OUR LAST ISSUE.



DIVING FROM A HELICOPTER 165 FT. INTO SVENDBORG HARBOUR: AN EXHIBITION DIVE, DURING A RECENT DANISH CHARITY SHOW, BY THE DANISH HIGH-DIVING CHAMPION (A MEMBER OF THE OLYMPIC TEAM), THOMAS CHRISTIANSEN.



THE BRAZILIAN ISLAND PRISON OF ANCHIETA, FROM WHICH OVER 300 DESPERATE PRISONERS ESCAPED IN A MASS JAIL-BREAK AND REACHED THE MAINLAND. On June 20 a number of dangerous prisoners in Brazil's island prison, Anchieta, broke out, mutinied and, by threatening their guards, managed to reach the mainland. Their number was estimated as between 300 and 350. During the outbreak they killed ten guards and five civilians, but about eighty of them were soon recaptured. Police, Army and Air Force men were all used to try to recapture the escaped prisoners and after various actions about ninety were still believed at large on June 26.



THE NEW CANAL WHICH MAKES EAST GERMANY'S WATER TRANSPORT INDEPENDENT OF WEST BERLIN: A STRETCH OF THE PARETZ CANAL FILLED WITH WATER FOR THE FIRST TIME AND BROUGHT INTO USE ON JUNE 28. THIS BY-PASS CANAL IS ABOUT 25 MILES LONG



ON THE 50TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE KING'S AFRICAN RIFLES: SIR PHILIP MITCHELL, GOVERNOR AND COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, SALUTING WHEN THE COLOUR WAS TROOPED AT NAIROBI. On June 22 Sir Philip Mitchell, with Lady Mitchell, left Nairobi by air for the beginning of his retirement on June 30. He has been in the Colonial Service for forty years, nearly half of it as Governor. He has been made a Freeman of Nairobi and has left his ceremonial sword for preservation in the Cathedral.



THE 250TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE EAST SURREY REGIMENT: THE CEREMONY AT KINGSTON-ON-THAMES WHEN THE COLOURS WERE MARCHED THROUGH THE ROYAL BOROUGH. On June 28 the 250th anniversary of the raising of The East Surrey Regiment was commemorated in Kingston-on-Thames. A small contingent of the 1st Battalion (from Tripoli), the 6th (T.A.) Battalion, recruits from the regimental depot and many of the Old Comrades' Association, took part in the parade. The Regiment is privileged to march through the town with bayonets fixed.

NEWS EVENTS AND TOPICS: FROM AUSTRALIA, GERMANY AND BRITAIN.



AN AUSTRALIAN ARMY VEHICLE MAKES ITS WAY DOWN A FLOODED STREET IN WAGGA. HEAVY FLOODS IN AUSTRALIA HAVE DRIVEN 10,000 PEOPLE FROM THEIR HOMES. After the severe drought in Queensland and the Northern Territory, floods have come in New South Wales and Victoria to add to Australia's troubles. On June 22 Mr. Pinnan, the New South Wales Minister for Social Welfare, announced that the total flood damage in the State was about £A.10,000,000;



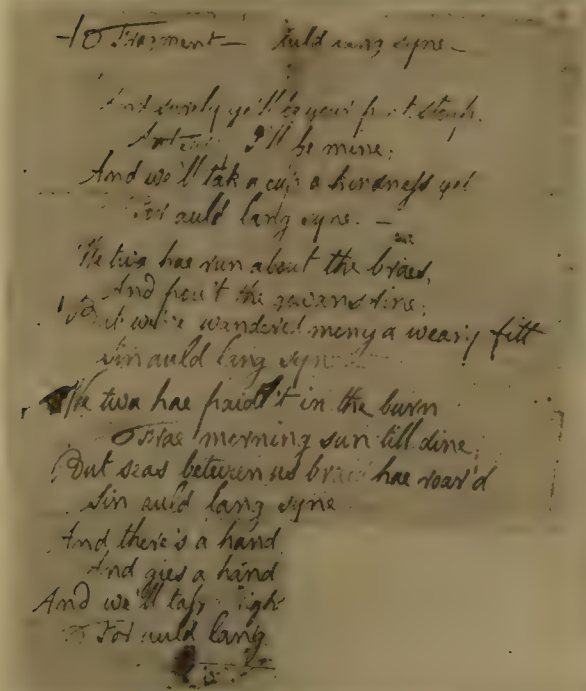
FLOODED BARWON HEADS FROM THE AIR, IN VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA. FLOODS ROSE TO 5 FT. IN THE STREETS AND DAMAGE WAS ESTIMATED AT OVER £A.100,000. and the Minister of Agriculture said that the floods would reduce the wheat acreage by about 25 to 30 per cent. About 40 miles south-west of Forbes, N.S.W., the rains have formed a lake about 60 miles long and 50 miles broad, according to one report, and thousands of head of cattle are reported lost.



A PICTORIAL COMMENTARY ON PREMIER OTTO GROTEWOHL'S ANNOUNCEMENT THAT EAST GERMANY WILL, IN THE NEAR FUTURE, CREATE A NATIONAL ARMY: PEOPLE'S POLICE. On June 16 Herr Grotewohl, the East German Prime Minister, said that his Government's first task will be to set up a national army, and that "inexorable political actions must take the place of . . . declamations." These photographs of members of the Free German Youth movement suggest that the military spirit would easily revive in East Germany.



STRIDING OUT IN MILITARY FORMATION: MEMBERS OF EAST GERMANY'S SEA POLICE MARCHING BY AT A LEIPZIG RALLY OF THE FREE GERMAN YOUTH MOVEMENT.



SOLD FOR £1500: A HOLOGRAPH MS. OF FOUR STANZAS OF ROBERT BURNS'S "AULD LANG SYNE." "A Fragment; Auld Lang Syne," a holograph MS. of four stanzas of Robert Burns's famous song was sold at Sotheby's on June 23 for £1500. The purchaser was Colonel T. C. Dunlop, hon. secretary of the Burns Museum, Alloway. A piece is torn from the bottom. The MS., probably a first draft, contains variations from the spelling and punctuation of the published poem.



FIGHTING THE FIRE AT CROXTETH HALL, NEAR LIVERPOOL, WHERE ONE WING WAS BURNED OUT BUT THE ART TREASURES, INCLUDING A GAINSBOROUGH, WERE SAVED. On June 28 fire was discovered in one of the wings of Croxteth Hall, near Liverpool, the home of the Earl and Countess of Sefton. Over 100 firemen fought to save the eighteenth-century mansion and the Earl of Derby came over from Knowsley Hall near by to help in the salvage work. It is reported that the majority of the art treasures were saved, and after three hours the flames were under control.



SOLD FOR £5500 AT CHRISTIE'S: A COMMONWEALTH GOLD CUP AND COVER, c. 1650. This cup and cover, dating from about 1650 and bearing the maker's mark only, a hound sejant, and weighing 26 ozs. 3 dwt., is the only piece of gold plate of the Commonwealth period so far recorded in England and the second-earliest known English secular piece. It was sold at Christie's on June 25 for £5500. In 1935 it brought £2500.

KEATS AND SHELLEY—A DOUBLE PORTRAIT.

"TWO GENTLEMEN OF ROME": THE STORY OF KEATS AND SHELLEY; By ERNEST RAYMOND.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.



MR. ERNEST RAYMOND, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK "TWO GENTLEMEN OF ROME," REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Mr. Ernest Raymond who was born in 1888 and educated at St. Paul's and Durham University, made his name with his first book, "Tell England," in 1922. Since then he has written many books, among which "We the Accused" is perhaps the best known and "A Chorus Ending" the most recent.

"TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA": yes, well enough. But "Two Gentlemen of Rome" is a rather startling description of Keats and Shelley, neither of whom can easily be envisaged among either the fashionables of the modern

Corso or the be-togaed patricians of the ancient Forum. However, each of them confirmed in person the old view that "Italy is every poet's second country"; and, though Shelley never lived in Rome and Keats merely went there to die, each was granted a sort of citizenship later in the Protestant Cemetery, and it is in Rome, over the Spanish Steps, that a houseful of relics is maintained in memory of them.

"This book," says Mr. Raymond, "is not designed for the army of Keats and Shelley scholars, though I have laboured that, should any of these terrifying persons glance through it, they will find no errors. . . . Attempting no full biography, of which there are ten thousand already, I have thought it best to march the story as quickly as possible from one capital episode to the next, as one might in a chronicle play; though there is nothing fictitious in any scene or piece of dialogue—'biography in the form of fiction' having the manifest disadvantage of being neither that nor this, nor yet anything else. Authority for everything can be found somewhere in the immense documentation of these two lives, and I shall be happy to enlighten anyone who doubts this statement. This method of individual attention seems more in tune with my purpose than to freckle my pages and irritate tender and uncertain readers with asterisks, crosses, double-crosses, and other such reference marks which either carry the reader's eye to footnotes in a type two points smaller than the text or, worse still, send him hunting in the back or kitchen parts of the volume where notes and appendices sit crowded like lackeys. It is my experience, as a rule, that when I have found the particular lackey in these dismal premises I have forgotten for what service I wanted him and have had to go back again to the front room to find out."

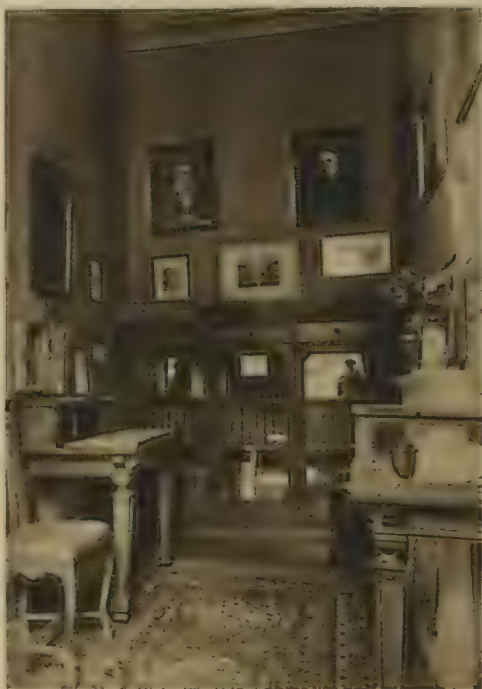
Well, the "exhaustive" biographies have to be written, or compiled; and sometimes the exhaustive biographers are pretty slow going. Dykes Campbell's "Life" of Coleridge was largely concerned with the poet's finances, and Festing-Jones, in his "Life" of Samuel Butler, thought it necessary (simply because he was in possession of the facts) to tell us what, in the way of socks, toothbrushes, combs, vests and bottles of medicine, the author of "Erewhon" packed into his bag when he was going on his travels. But these assemblages of facts must be made in order that later writers should be able to select from them, in order to reinforce their arguments or illuminate their themes. So here Mr. Raymond has made bread out of other men's granaries and flour-mills; and bread (I speak in pre-1939 terms) is more palatable and

digestible than raw grain or flour. At first sight, I must in honesty admit, I shrank from his book. "What!" said I to myself, "Going over all this old ground once again? Can't the lives of these two surpassing men be allowed to rest? Can't we be left alone with their poetry? Must we once more listen to prosings over Shelley's abandonment of Harriet and what Swinburne (of all people!) called the unmanly sickness of the dying Keats's letters



WHERE KEATS LODGED FOR A WHILE IN THE NEXT TO LAST YEAR OF HIS LIFE: WESLEYAN PLACE, KENTISH TOWN—THEN "A NOT UNATTRACTIVE LITTLE STREET." Photograph by Patrick Raymond.

to Fanny Brawne?" But I hadn't got very far before I realised that Mr. Raymond had made old stories new; that he had squeezed the exquisite essence out of the vast storehouse of facts. It dawned upon me that he was not merely book-making (a laudable and useful thing in one connection, but a very boring one in another) or treading again a thoroughly trampled path. And, before I finished his book, I knew that, if I wished to introduce a boy or a girl, a young man or a young woman, to those two noble youths, and to the glories of their poetry, his is the book I would choose. For the writing is the writing of a man who has been drawn to his subject by the magnetism of love, and whose enthusiasm must be communicated to any



"THAT MOURNFUL PLACE WHERE ADONAI LAY": THE NARROW ROOM IN ROME WHERE KEATS DIED. E.P.T. di Roma—Foto: Drago.



THE PYRAMID OF CESTIUS WHICH WATCHES OVER THE CEMETERY IN ROME WHERE KEATS AND SHELLEY LIE. E.P.T. di Roma—Foto: Drago.



NOW KNOWN AS KEATS HOUSE: WENTWORTH PLACE, HAMPSTEAD, WHERE JOHN KEATS, CHARLES BROWN AND THE BRAWNE FAMILY LIVED. Photograph by Patrick Raymond.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "Two Gentlemen of Rome"; by courtesy of the publishers, Cassell and Co., Ltd.

generous young soul who reads his book.

To the elderly and experienced little, if any, of the information in the book will be new. Some of it may have been forgotten and will come back with a shock of surprise. I confess, for example, that I had forgotten, if ever I knew, that Keats's father, the livery-stable keeper, had intended to send his sons

to Harrow; but the sons were too many and the father died too young. I confess also (although I had not forgotten the victory of the stout young Keats over the butcher's boy) that I certainly had forgotten the description of him by one of his school-fellows: "Unlike Shelley, he was no lover of his books at first; he much preferred fighting." We have many portraits of him at school, and all speak of his pugnacity. One of his schoolfellows writes: "Keats was in childhood not attached to books. His *penchant* was for fighting. He would fight anyone—morning, noon, and night, his brother among the rest. It was meat and drink to him. . . . He was a boy whom anyone from his extraordinary vivacity and personal beauty might easily fancy would become great—but rather in some military capacity than in literature. . . . The generosity and daring of his character with the extreme beauty and animation of his face made, I remember, an impression on me—and being some years his junior, I was obliged to woo his friendship—in which I succeeded, but not till I had fought several battles. This violence and vehemence—this pugnacity and generosity—in passions of tears or outrageous fits of laughter—always in extremes—will help to paint Keats in his boyhood." Byron, when Keats was dead, did admit that he was on the verge of doing "something really great." Had he known that he was a Harrovian *manqué* and a determined pugilist he would probably have taken a different view. But he hadn't met Keats. Shelley he knew well, and said of him: "You were all brutally mistaken about

Shelley, who was, without exception, the best and least selfish man I ever knew. I never knew one who was not a beast in comparison."

The essence of the relationships of all that group—Keats, Shelley, Byron, Leigh Hunt and the devoted satellites—is all here—and the dross has been cleared away. Mr. Raymond knows nobility when he sees it: even in the young Shelley, who immolated a wife on the altar of his own integrity, and even in a Keats who, with death looming, wrote letters which would never have been printed had certain scholars not thought that it was

impossible to be a scholar and a gentleman. Shelley probably did all he could as a poet: had he lived he might have got over his youthful measles about reforming the world, and settled down as Sir P. Shelley, Bart., Member for the Horsham Division of Sussex, and a perfect predecessor of Lord Winterton. But Keats was only on the verge of fulfilment. As Tennyson said, he might, had he lived, have been the greatest except Shakespeare. He knew what was in him. "I have loved the principle of beauty in all things," and "I think I shall be amongst the English poets when I die."

The two come to life in this book more vividly than I have ever seen them before. And Mr. Raymond, prompted thereto by the same impulse as made him write the book, quotes freely, beautifully, and pertinently from the verses of them all. Shelley, when Keats went to Italy, asked him to stay with him in Pisa. Keats had but a few weeks to live. But what an effect they might have had upon each other had they lived together! Keats, whom Shelley revered, might have knocked some sense into his head. He had already advised him to shed some of his "magnanimity." For

Keats had great good sense as well as great courage: a thing not understood by those complacent critics of his last desperate letters to Fanny, who seem never to have been ill, or lonely, or in love.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 36 of this issue.

*"Two Gentlemen of Rome": The Story of Keats and Shelley. By Ernest Raymond. Illustrated. (Cassell; 18s.)

OCCASIONS ROYAL, RELIGIOUS, ACADEMIC, MILITARY AND DRAMATIC.



THE WINNER OF THE GREYHOUND DERBY AT THE WHITE CITY, *ENDLESS GOSSIP*, RECEIVING A CONGRATULATORY PAT FROM THE MARCHIONESS OF CARISBROOKE.

On June 28 *Endless Gossip* won the Greyhound Derby at the White City in the record time of 28.5 secs for the 525-yards race. His owner (extreme left, holding cup) is Mr. H. E. Gocher, whose first attempt to breed a Greyhound Derby winner this was.



"THE DESERT SONG" IN SCARBOROUGH'S FAMOUS OPEN-AIR THEATRE IN PEASEHOLME PARK. A VIEW OF ONE OF THE ELABORATE SETS ON THE ISLAND STAGE REFLECTED IN THE WATERS OF THE LAKE.



DURING THE CONSECRATION OF THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. SAVA, THE NEW YUGOSLAV CHURCH IN LONDON: EX-KING PETER OF YUGOSLAVIA SEATED ON THE THRONE IN THE CENTRE.

On June 29 the former Anglican Church of St. Columb, Lancaster Road, Notting Hill, which has been given to the Yugoslav Community in London by the Church of England, was consecrated as the Cathedral of St. Sava of the Serbian Orthodox Church by the Archbishop Nicolai, who had flown from New York.



IN CONFERENCE AT LARKHILL: THE C.I.G.S., FIELD MARSHAL SIR WILLIAM SLIM, WITH COMMONWEALTH COMMANDERS-IN-CHIEF AND CHIEFS OF STAFF.

Our photograph shows (from l. to r.): General M. Ayub Khan, Commander-in-Chief, Pakistan Army; Lieut.-General C. G. Symonds, Chief of General Staff, Canada; Lieut.-General C. L. de W. du Toit, Chief of General Staff, South Africa; Field Marshal Sir William Slim, Chief of the Imperial General Staff; Lieut.-General S. F. Rowell, Chief of General Staff, Australia; General K. M. Cariappa, Commander-in-Chief, Indian Army; Major-General W. G. Gentry, Chief of General Staff, New Zealand. The conference lasted from June 25 to 27.



ROYAL VISITORS TO THE BATTERSEA FESTIVAL GARDENS: RIDING IN A PONY CART (L. TO R.) PRINCE RICHARD OF GLOUCESTER, PRINCESSES ANNE-MARIE AND BENEDIKTE OF DENMARK.

As we mentioned in our last issue, Queen Ingrid of Denmark with her three daughters, the Princesses Margrethe, Benedikte and Anne-Marie, are paying a private visit to London. On June 24 the two younger Princesses went with the Duchess of Gloucester and Prince Richard of Gloucester to visit the Festival Pleasure Gardens at Battersea and saw many of the side-shows.



LEAVING THE SHELDONIAN AFTER RECEIVING THEIR HONORARY DEGREES: MR. DEAN ACHESON, THE U.S. SECRETARY OF STATE, AND OTHER DISTINGUISHED RECIPIENTS AT OXFORD.

Our photograph shows those honoured on June 25 at Encenia, and reads (from l. to r.) as follows: Mr. Dean Acheson; Sir Oliver Franks, the British Ambassador in Washington; Sir Charles Webster, Professor of International History, London; Mr. R. A. Butler, Chancellor of the Exchequer; Mr. Justice Read, of the International Court; Mr. Somerset Maugham and Dr. Augusta Richter, of the Metropolitan Museum, New York.

THE QUEEN'S FIRST VISIT TO EDINBURGH SINCE HER ACCESSION; EVENTS DURING

THE CROWDED DAYS OF HER MAJESTY'S STAY IN THE SCOTTISH CAPITAL.



ARRIVING AT THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF NURSING ON JUNE 26: HER MAJESTY IS SEEN, HAVING JUST ALIGHTED FROM HER CAR. SHE WAS RECEIVED BY THE CHAIRMAN OF THE SCOTTISH BOARD OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF NURSING, AND LADY EGLIN.



LEAVING ARCHERS' HALL, WHERE SHE DINED WITH MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL COMPANY OF ARCHERS ON JUNE 26: THE QUEEN IN FULL EVENING DRESS.

EDINBURGH'S welcome to Queen Elizabeth II. was tumultuous, and yet also sought to express the sympathy felt by everyone that the Duke of Edinburgh had been prevented by illness from accompanying her Majesty on this, her first visit to the Scottish capital since her accession. On June 26 she was received at Princes Street Station by the Lord Provost, and the traditional ceremony of presenting the Keys of the City inaugurated the visit. The Queen drove along Princes Street in sunshine, with ten Vampire fighters of 603 (City of Edinburgh) Squadron roaring in salute overhead, to the Palace of Holyroodhouse. At midday she carried out her first official engagement at Acheson House, Canongate, the Scottish Craft Centre; and then visited Canongate Church. On the following day her Majesty visited

(Continued opposite.)



THE GARDEN-PARTY IN THE GROUNDS OF HOLYROODHOUSE: A PRESENTATION IS BEING MADE TO HER MAJESTY (LEFT CENTRE). SHE WALKED AMONG THE GUESTS WITH THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.



HER MAJESTY'S VISIT TO THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY ON JUNE 28: THE PRESIDENT, MR. W. D. HUTCHISON, IS RECEIVING THE QUEEN, WHO VISITED HUNTLY HOUSE MUSEUM ON THE SAME DAY.



ACCEPTING A GOLD BROOCH FROM THE DUKE OF RUCLEUCH IN PLACE OF THE REDDENDO (A "PAIR OF BARBED ARROWS"): THE QUEEN.



ACCEPTED BY HER MAJESTY IN PLACE OF THE "TRADITIONAL REDDENDO (BARBED ARROWS)": AN 18-CARAT GEM-SET BROOCH, MADE BY A FIRM OF EDINBURGH JEWELLERS.



AT THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF NURSING IN HERIOT ROW: HER MAJESTY HEARING DETAILS OF THE WORK. SHE SHOWED VERY GREAT INTEREST IN THE COLLEGE, AND MET THE COUNCIL MEMBERS, AND BRANCH AND SECTION REPRESENTATIVES.



AN IMPRESSIVE CEREMONY IN THE FORECOURT OF THE PALACE OF HOLYROODHOUSE: THE PIPES AND DRUMS OF THE QUEEN'S OWN CAMERON HIGHLANDERS BEAT RETREAT.

Continued.
the Royal College of Nursing, in Heriot Row; and at the Reddendo ceremony at Holyroodhouse, illustrated on pages 20-21, accepted the presentation of an 18-carat brooch bearing three crossed arrows (illustrated on this page) from the Royal Company of Archers. In the evening she honoured the Royal Company by dining with them in Archers' Hall. On June 27 the Thistle Installation Service was held in St. Giles's at 12 noon, after the Queen had visited the Register House. That afternoon the Queen walked among her guests at the garden-party, and in the evening watched the pipes and drums of the 1st Bn. The Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders beat Retreat. On June 28 her Majesty visited Huntly House and the Scottish Academy; and later held a review of Scottish cadets.



IN HER ROBES OF THE ORDER OF THE THISTLE: THE QUEEN AT THE INSTALLATION OF THE NEW KNIGHTS ON JUNE 27 IN ST. GILES.



THE GREAT REVIEW OF CADETS OF THE PRE-SERVICES ORGANISATIONS (FOLLOWING THE PIPES): THE QUEEN AT THE SALUTING-BASE IN QUEEN'S PARK ON JUNE 28.



PLANTING A FLOWERING CHERRY-TREE SAPLING AT THE GATES OF THE CANONGATE KIRK, WHICH SHE VISITED ON JUNE 25: THE QUEEN.



THE INAUGURATION OF THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO EDINBURGH: HER MAJESTY RECEIVING THE KEYS OF THE CITY FROM THE LORD PROVOST.



ARRIVING AT ST. GILES'S ON JUNE 27 FOR THE SERVICE OF INSTALLATION OF THE NEW KNIGHTS OF THE THISTLE: THE DUKE OF RUCLEUCH, THE DUKE OF HAMILTON AND BRANDON, AND THE EARL OF HADDINGTON: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.



THE ROYAL COMPANY OF ARCHERS, THE SOVEREIGN'S BODYGUARD IN SCOTLAND, MARCH PAST HER MAJESTY, HAVING RECEIVED ROYAL AFFIRMATION OF THEIR "ANCIENT RIGHTS AND PRIVILEGES":
THE REDDENDO CEREMONY IN THE GARDENS OF THE PALACE OF HOLYROODHOUSE.

One of the most romantic ceremonies of her Majesty's visit to Scotland took place in the garden of the Palace of Holyroodhouse on June 26, when the Sovereign's Bodyguard for Scotland, the Royal Company of Archers, drawn from the best-known Scottish families and officered by the bearers of great Scottish names, paraded before the young Queen and, in return for a brooch which took the

place of the customary reddendo ("one pair of barbed arrows"), received Royal affirmation of their "ancient rights and privileges." The ceremony was the eleventh performed since the granting of the Royal Company's Charter by Queen Anne in 1704, which laid down as the condition of Royal favour the rendering of "one pair of barbed arrows" at the term of Whitsunday, if asked only. It

was the second reddendo which the Queen had witnessed, for, as Princess Elizabeth, she accompanied her father, his late Majesty King George VI., at the last reddendo in 1937. The parade was commanded by Captain, Colonel the Earl of Stair, with his son, Brigadier, Colonel the Viscount Dalrymple as Adjutant. The Colours were carried by Brigadier the Lord Clydesmuir and Brigadier the Master

of Elphinstone. The Queen watched closely the unusual Archers' drill carried through with precision. Orders such as "carry bows" and "recover bows" are the signals for changing the position of the Royal Company's unusual weapons. The Earl of Stair is shown turning on the extreme right, and the Duke of Buccleuch is standing behind her Majesty (extreme left).

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



IN approaching the subject of growing hardy orchids in the garden, I find myself up against two difficulties. In the first place I do not want to say anything that might lead

to anyone ever digging up any British wild orchid for his garden. Secondly, I can not suggest offhand any nursery that specialises in these interesting plants, or has a wide selection of them. The only way is to consult the catalogues of the best and most enterprising

A FEW HARDY ORCHIDS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

generously gave me a clump, which did equally well in Hertfordshire, but unfortunately I grew it at my nursery instead of in my private garden, and one day, whilst I was abroad, the last plant got sold, and I never managed to recover even a single tuber to give me a fresh start, and have never seen that good plant again.

The Madeira Orchid, *Orchis foliosa*, has long been grown in this country, and is not only quite hardy, but easy to grow in any good loam that is fairly rich in humus. It grows about 18 ins. high, with blunt spikes

of purple flowers, and increases slowly—by offset tubers. An even finer, and handsomer, species is *Orchis elata*, from Algeria. This made its first public appearance at an R.H.S. show in 1939, when it received an Award of Merit. The plant grows up to 2 ft. high, with an extremely handsome flower-spike, 6 to 8 ins. long—of a rich, barbaric claret-purple. It should be given a bed of good loam into which plenty of leaf-mould has been dug, and a good and suitable position for both this and *O. foliosa* is a cool and quiet corner of the rock-garden. Both plants, once planted and established, should be left alone and given a chance of forming clumps. The Madeira Orchid, *Orchis foliosa*, is now called—in the best botanical circles—*O. maderensis*.

On the great rock-garden at Backhouse's nursery at York there grew—fifty years ago—a clump of what was apparently an exceptionally fine form of the Spotted Orchid, *Orchis maculata*. It had been collected, I was told then, by the late James Backhouse, in Norway. There it sat, in a quiet nook among the great rocks, and flowered regularly, year after year. I knew it there for years, and as far as I know it was never disturbed or dug up for nursery and propagation purposes; but what happened to it eventually I do not know. Another clump of *Orchis maculata* of my acquaintance is a white-flowered form which comes up regularly, year after year, in the rock-garden at Abbotswood, in the Cotswolds.

An extremely beautiful hardy, or half-hardy, orchid is *Pleione pricei*. I had thought that it was quite a recent introduction from Formosa, and certainly it is only in recent years that one has seen or heard much about it. But I find that it was introduced as long ago as 1914. Maybe it has been reintroduced and publicised as an almost hardy species during the last few years. I first came by a plant of *P. pricei* three years ago, and during that time I have grown it in a pot in an unheated greenhouse. It seems perfectly contented in a soil mixture of loam, sand and peat, and has already flowered freely and increased surprisingly well. It is difficult to believe that such a showy and exotic-looking orchid could be grown under such chilly and rough-and-ready conditions as I have given it. The flowers, on stems only an inch or two high, look much like Cymbidium blossoms. They measure about 4 ins. across, and are pink, with a dash of Cattleya mauve in it, and shaded with palest pink and white. The plant has what are known as pseudo-bulbs—round, fleshy, bulb-like growths, above ground-level, and during summer there are ribbed leaves, 4 or 5 ins. high. The leaves on my plant died down last autumn, and the flowers were produced early in April. I brought the plant into the house for its flowering period, and then broke the plant up, planting some in pots, some in a rocky bed on the staging in the greenhouse, and three roots in a trough-garden

in the open air.

Hitherto I have heard this orchid referred to as half-hardy, or hardy in the Alpine house, but I have not heard of anyone having had the courage to plant it in the open air. But the experiment seems well worth trying. One is too apt to accept statements as to the hardiness or tenderness of plants when, for all one knows, such statements are founded on mere guesswork or assumption. If *Pleione pricei* should prove to be hardy, its value as a garden plant would be enormously increased.

Last, but by all means most, there are the hardy Lady's Slipper Orchids, the Cypripediums. As beautiful as any of them is that rarest of British orchids, *Cypripedium calceolus*, which for long has been on the verge of extinction, but which, it may be hoped, will long be protected and preserved by those who know its whereabouts. It is a handsome thing, with its great amber pouch and twisted chocolate whiskers. Plants of it are offered by a few nurserymen—plants of Continental origin or descended from Continental parents, and it is not a difficult plant to grow in a cool bed of rich, soft loam with lime in it.

Then, too, there is the superb North American Mocassin-flower, *Cypripedium reginae*, with its rose-pink and white blossoms. There are, too, a number of other hardy Slipper Orchids, more or less difficult to come by in these days, but mostly reasonably easy



"ON THE GREAT ROCK-GARDEN AT BACKHOUSE'S NURSERY AT YORK THERE GREW—FIFTY YEARS AGO—A CLUMP OF WHAT WAS APPARENTLY AN EXCEPTIONALLY FINE FORM OF THE SPOTTED ORCHID, *Orchis maculata*. IT HAD BEEN COLLECTED, I WAS TOLD . . . IN NORWAY." FROM THE PHOTOGRAPH WHICH MR. ELLIOTT TOOK FIFTY YEARS AGO AT YORK.

of our hardy plant and Alpine plant nurserymen. The wild orchids of Britain are, unfortunately, becoming slowly but steadily rarer, though there are, of course, places where some of the species are still relatively abundant. Even more abundant, however, are folk with a trowel in one hand, a basket in the other, and a garden in the background. Most of our wild orchids, though easy enough to dig up, are difficult, tricky things to establish and keep alive in cultivation.

I have, however, known a few exceptions: A lad that I knew, when I lived at Stevenage—a great wild-flower enthusiast and a keen gardener—came home one day from an expedition to neighbouring chalk hills with a strange-looking orchid which he had discovered and dug up. He had no idea at the time that it was one of our rarest species, the Lizard Orchid, *Himantoglossum hircinum*. The surprising thing was that, not only did this specimen survive in the lad's garden and flower regularly for a number of years, but it produced a colony of self-sown seedlings. It is an odd-looking plant, standing nearly 2 ft. high, with a spike of sad, grey-green-purplish flowers which, with their long, twisty tails, vaguely suggest a scurry of lizards. Their scent suggests—not so vaguely—billy-goat. But the best and most satisfactory British Orchid that I ever saw—and had—in cultivation, was a vigorous and brilliant form of *Orchis latifolia*. I met it years ago, when staying with that great primula specialist, the late Dr. MacWatt.

From my bedroom window I saw, far down the garden, conspicuous clumps of purple flowers—strong, claret-purple—which I could not "place." They were a specially good form of *O. latifolia* which the doctor had collected somewhere in the wild, and which had taken kindly to garden life. Planted in good, ordinary garden loam, the plants rapidly formed clumps by multiplication of their tubers. MacWatt



THE HARDY OR HALF-HARDY DWARF ORCHID FROM FORMOSA: *Pleione pricei*. "THE FLOWERS (which come in April), ON STEMS ONLY AN INCH OR TWO HIGH, LOOK MUCH LIKE CYMBIDIUM BLOSSOMS. THEY MEASURE ABOUT 4 INS. ACROSS, AND ARE PINK, WITH A DASH OF CATTLEYA MAUVE IN IT, AND SHADED WITH PALLEST PINK AND WHITE." [Photograph by J. R. Jameson.]

to grow once you have secured sound roots. The trouble with these hardy Cypripediums is that they are too slow to increase by division to keep pace with the demand, and many of them are now protected against "collectors" in their native countries. I believe attempts have been made—with little success—to raise the hardy Cypripediums from seed. But how serious and scientific the attempts were I do not know. Apparently they were not quite scientific enough. Cultivators have discovered how to raise the greenhouse orchids from seed, and raise them they do—by the thousand.

It should not, therefore, be beyond the wit of man to devise methods of raising the hardy species on similar lines. If that were done, the demand would be great. Our gardens would be greatly enriched, and collecting from the wild would come to an end.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

**HUSSEIN SIRRY PASHA.**

The new Egyptian Prime Minister. Hussein Sirry Pasha formed a new Government on June 29, ending a thirty-six-hour Cabinet crisis. He was Prime Minister from Nov., 1940, to Feb., 1942, and again in July, 1949, resigning in Jan., 1950, when the Wafd came to power. He supports British evacuation of the Canal Zone.



LEAVING THE QUIRINAL PALACE AFTER PRESENTING HIS CREDENTIALS TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE ITALIAN REPUBLIC: M. EMMANUEL ABRAHAM, AMBASSADOR OF ETHIOPIA. Normal diplomatic relations have been inaugurated between the Empire of Ethiopia and the Republic of Italy. On June 19 H.E. Monsieur Emmanuel Abraham, newly-appointed Ethiopian Ambassador to Italy, presented his credentials to Signor Einaudi at the Quirinal Palace. He was formerly Ethiopian Director-General of Education; and later, Ethiopian Minister to the Indian Republic at New Delhi.

**COMMANDER C. J. W. SIMPSON, R.N.**

The leader of the twenty-five-strong British North Greenland Expedition, which was expected to sail from Deptford on July 5 or 6 for a period of exploration which may last two years. Commander Simpson recently flew from Iceland to points in Greenland to make arrangements for the air supply of the expedition.

**SIR PERCY HARRIS.**

Died on June 28, aged seventy-six. Sir Percy Harris was L.C.C. member for South-West Bethnal Green, 1907-34, and since 1946, and Deputy Chairman L.C.C., 1915-16. He was Liberal M.P. for Harborough, 1916-18, and for South-West Bethnal Green, 1922-45, and Deputy Leader, Liberal Parliamentary Party, 1940-45.

**AIR COMMODORE SIR FRANK WHITTLE.**

Awarded the Gold Albert Medal of the Royal Society of Arts for 1952 "for the development of the continuous-combustion gas turbine and jet propulsion." The Albert Medal was instituted in 1864 and is awarded annually for "Distinguished merit in promoting Arts, Manufactures and Commerce."



NURI-ES-SAID, THE PRIME MINISTER OF IRAQ, AFTER VISITING KING TALAL IN SWITZERLAND.

A few days after Prince Naif of Jordan visited his brother King Talal of Jordan at Lausanne, the Prime Minister of Iraq, Nuri-es-Said, also visited King Talal (who is a cousin of the Regent of Iraq, Emir Abdul Illah) at Lausanne on June 19. On June 25 the Iraq Prime Minister arrived in London by air, and it was understood that he would be seeing King Feisal of Iraq, who is at Harrow School.

**GENERAL K. M. CARIAPPA.**

General K. M. Cariappa, Commander-in-Chief of the Indian Army is at present in England. His visit, which was due to end on July 9, has been made on the invitation of the Chief of the Imperial General Staff for the annual conference with heads of the armies in the countries of the Commonwealth.

**SIR ALEXANDER CLUTTERBUCK.**

Appointed High Commissioner for the United Kingdom in India. Sir Alexander Clutterbuck is fifty-five and was educated at Malvern and Pembroke, Cambridge. Deputy High Commissioner in South Africa, 1939-1940, then after service in Whitehall, High Commissioner in Canada, May, 1946, to May, 1952.



CAPTAINING OXFORD AGAINST CAMBRIDGE AT LORD'S: MR. PETER BLAKE.

The Oxford and Cambridge University Cricket Match opens to-day (July 5) at Lord's. Oxford are captained by Mr. P. D. Blake, of Eton and B.N.C., and Cambridge by Mr. D. S. Sheppard, of Sherborne and Trinity Hall. On form to date Cambridge appear the stronger side, D. S. Sheppard and P. B. H. May having been scoring freely throughout the season, Sheppard reaching his 1000 on June 21, while May has played in both Tests.



CAPTAINING CAMBRIDGE AGAINST OXFORD AT LORD'S: MR. D. S. SHEPPARD.

**THE HERO OF THE SECOND TEST MATCH: "VINO"**

MANKAD READING CONGRATULATIONS WITH HIS FAMILY. V. Mankad, the Indian cricketer, who plays in Lancashire League cricket, by his sustained feats in the Second Test Match (72, 184—a record—and 5 for 231) strengthened his claim to be considered the world's best all-rounder. He was actually in the field for 191 of the 25 hours of play. He is here seen in the London home of friends with his wife and his sons Atul (left) and Ashok (right).

**DR. BORG OLIVIER.**

The Prime Minister of Malta, Dr. Borg Olivier is the leader of the Ministerial delegation from the Government of Malta which arrived in this country on May 31 for discussions with the Colonial Office and the Treasury on Malta's finance and other questions; and to ask for financial and other help. It also includes Malta's Ministers of Health (Dr. Boffa) and of Finance (Mr. Azzopardi). Dr. Borg saw Mr. Churchill on June 17.

**THE BRITISH MINISTER OF DEFENCE AND THE PRESIDENT OF THE U.S.:**

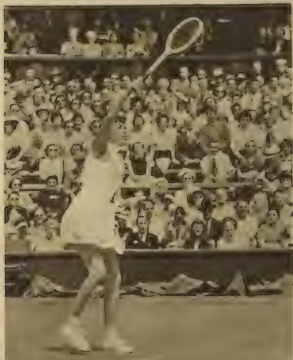
FIELD MARSHAL LORD ALEXANDER AND MR. TRUMAN ENJOY A JOKE.

Field Marshal Lord Alexander, British Minister of Defence, returned by air to London on June 25, after visiting the United States on his way back from the Far East. He had talks at the Pentagon with General Bradley and other high military officers, and was received by the President. On leaving the White House on June 24, he was questioned by reporters on the Yalu River raids. He replied they were directed on "proper military targets."

**LORD HAMILTON OF DALZELL.**

Died on June 23, aged seventy-nine. Lord Hamilton of Dalzell, Lord Lieutenant of Lanarkshire since 1938, and Chairman of the Royal Fine Art Commission for Scotland since 1932, served in the South African War (Imperial Yeomanry) and early in the 1914-18 War (Scotts Guards). A racing man, he helped to get the Racecourse Betting Bill of 1928 through Parliament. He was Lord-in-Waiting to Edward VII. (1905-10) and to George V. (1910-11).

GIANT-KILLERS AND CHAMPIONS IN A BRILLIANT WIMBLEDON: OUTSTANDING



MISS DORIS HART, OF THE UNITED STATES, THE 1951 HOLDER, IN PLAY IN THE FIRST ROUND OF THE LADIES' SINGLES. SHE ENTERED THE QUARTER-FINALS ON JUNE 27.



MISS SHIRLEY FRY, OF AMERICA, BEATING MISS. BOUR-BORNAIS, OF FRANCE, IN TWO SETS IN THE FOURTH ROUND OF THE LADIES' SINGLES AT WIMBLEDON.



MISS LOUISE BROUGH (U.S.), WHO WAS SEED NO. 4 IN THE WIMBLEDON LADIES' SINGLES, BEATING MRS. ADAMSON (FRANCE) 1-6, 6-1, 6-2, TO ENTER THE QUARTER-FINALS.



F. AMPON, THE PHILIPPINE PLAYER, WHO BEAT THE SEED NO. 11 AMERICAN H. RICHARDSON IN THE FIRST ROUND. HE WAS, HOWEVER, BEATEN BY CANDY OF AUSTRALIA IN THE SECOND ROUND.

THE first week's play of the 1952 Wimbledon L.T.A. Championships took place in excellent weather and was watched with interest by huge crowds. Except for the immediate downfall of two American "seeds"—A. Larsen (No. 9) and H. Richardson (No. 11)—who were defeated in the first round of the Men's Singles by, respectively, T. Johansson, of Sweden, and F. Ampon, of the Philippines, the



THE SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD GIANT-KILLERS (RIGHT) (L. TO R.) K. R. ROSEWALL AND L. A. HOAD OF AUSTRALIA, WHO DEFEATED THE SEED NO. 10 AMERICANS (L. TO R.) G. MULLOY AND R. SAVITT, 6-4, 8-6, 1-6, 3-5, 7-5 IN THE THIRD ROUND OF THE MEN'S DOUBLES.



F. SEDGMAN, THE FAVOURITE-TO-DATE, IN PLAY AGAINST HIS AUSTRALIAN COMPATRIOT D. CANDY, WHOM HE DEFEATED, TO ENTER THE QUARTER-FINALS, WHERE HE BEAT E. W. STURGES (S.A.).



THE CZECH-BORN J. DROBNY, SEED NO. 2, BEATING THE SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD AUSTRALIAN L. A. HOAD. HE BEAT K. MCGREGOR IN THE QUARTER-FINALS.

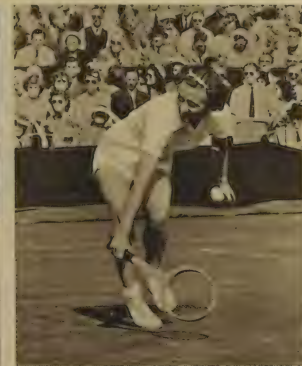


MERVYN ROSE, THE AUSTRALIAN, SEED NO. 8, WHO DEFEATED THE HOLDER, R. SAVITT, IN THE QUARTER-FINAL ROUND IN FIVE SETS.

FIGURES IN THE FIRST WEEK'S PLAY IN THE LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS.



MRS. PAT TODD, THE U.S. PLAYER, WHO WAS SEED NO. 5, SEEN IN PLAY DURING THE THIRD ROUND OF THE LADIES' SINGLES. SHE LATER DEFEATED HER COMPATRIOT, MISS HEAD.



MRS. JEAN WALKER-SMITH, ONE OF THE BRITISH SEED NO. 8 PLAYERS IN THE LADIES' SINGLES, IN THE EARLIER ROUNDS. SHE ALSO ENTERED THE QUARTER-FINALS.



MRS. J. RINKEL-QUERTIER, THE OTHER BRITISH SEED NO. 8 PLAYERS IN THE LADIES' SINGLES, IN THE EARLIER ROUNDS. SHE ALSO ENTERED THE QUARTER-FINALS.



THE MEN'S DOUBLES HOLDERS (LEFT) (L. TO R.) K. MCGREGOR AND F. SEDGMAN, BEING CONGRATULATED BY (RIGHT) (L. TO R.) THE AMERICANS A. LARSEN AND H. FLAM, WHOM THEY BEAT IN THE THIRD ROUND.



A FIRST-ROUND GIANT-KILLER, T. JOHANSSON, OF SWEDEN, WHO DEFEATED THE AMERICAN SEED NO. 9 PLAYER A. LARSEN IN THE FIRST ROUND. HE WAS BEATEN BY G. GOLDEN IN THE THIRD ROUND.

Continued matches went for the most part according to form. Miss Maureen Connolly, the 17-year-old U.S. Champion, was the centre of interest, but was thought not to have reached her best form in the first four rounds. All eight seeded women players reached the quarter-finals. In the Men's Singles there were twelve seeded players, and eight of them won through to the quarter-finals. Drobny, Rose, Flam and Sedgman entered the semi-finals.



MISS MAUREEN CONNOLLY, THE 17-YEAR-OLD U.S. CHAMPION (RIGHT), SEED NO. 2, WITH MISS S. PARTRIDGE (G.B.), WHOM SHE BEAT 6-3, 5-7, 7-5.



V. SEIXAS (U.S.), SEED NO. 3, DEFEATED HIS COMPATRIOT RUDGE PATTY, NO. 12, IN THE FOURTH ROUND. HE LOST TO ANOTHER COMPATRIOT, H. FLAM, IN THE QUARTER-FINALS.



E. W. STURGES, OF SOUTH AFRICA, SEED NO. 7, WHO DEFEATED A. J. MOTTRAM (G.B.), THE LAST BRITISH SURVIVOR, IN THE THIRD ROUND. HE LATER LOST TO SEDGMAN.



AN OLD FAVOURITE WITH THE WIMBLEDON CROWDS: J. BOROTRA, OF FRANCE, THE GREAT VETERAN, WHO WITH R. DESTREMAU, LOST TO MULLOY AND SAVITT IN A GALLANT MATCH.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE DECADENT STAG-BEETLE.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

THE stag-beetle is a common sight in southern England during June and July. Or, rather, it is a conspicuous insect, the largest of the British species of beetles, and it gives the impression of being common. Its range covers especially the south-eastern corner of England, south of the Thames, and thence it extends westwards as far as Devon and northwards to what may be vaguely called the Midlands. Even within this area it is noticeably local in its occurrence, and where locally abundant it is erratic in its appearances. Considering that it is so large and impossible

in no sense pests, for they do no harm except to rotten wood. If they were to disappear completely from the earth something else would take on the work of disintegrating the wood. They have, in other words, no economic value, so there is no urgent drive to learn more about them or their ways. Further, anyone wishing to learn more about them has to deal with an insect whose food in the adult stage is unknown, whose breeding habits must be guessed at, and whose egg-laying habits are little known. The usual way of elucidating these is either by close observation over a long period, piecing the story together painstakingly, or by keeping the insects under observation in captivity. A species in which the larval life extends over three years or more, and in which the adult life is some three weeks for the male and a month for the female under the best circumstances, and is probably very much less in the wild, offers peculiar difficulties in the use of the first method. To keep a series of larvæ going in wet, rotten wood for three,

that the larvæ have stridulating organs. A series of fine points on the third pair of legs can be rubbed against a series of ridges on the second pair of legs to produce a low sound. It is supposed, then, when tunnelling, the stridulation serves to warn the larvæ to change direction if two burrows are being driven towards each other. On the other hand, and here is the mystery, no organs of hearing have been found, and it is supposed that the sensory hairs on the body may be sensitive to sounds.

The second point concerns the adult. We are accustomed to the idea that infancy is a time of preparation for the effective or mature stage of life. For this reason, we are apt to regard the larval stage of an insect as the counterpart of infancy in other animals, and so we speak of the adult insect. The entomologist is more non-committal and refers to it as the imago. Applying the notions of infancy and adulthood to the stag-beetle, we arrive at this proportion, that infancy (=larval stage) lasts for three to six years, and the adult stage (=imago) occupies at most a month. Translated to terms of the normal human span of life, say, the accepted seventy years, this would give an infancy of sixty-eight to sixty-nine years, and one to two years of being grown-up. In other words, the larval period in the lifetime of a stag-beetle is the really important period, the imago being merely the free-living stage for purposes of reproduction.

Whether such a viewpoint is acceptable in all insects, or even in the present chosen example, may be a matter for debate. It is borne out, on the

other hand, by the behaviour of the adult stag-beetles, for apart from the act of pairing it has all the appearance of being aimless. If they feed at all it must be in a desultory manner, although the female has a pair of jaws which, unlike the antler-like mandibles of the male, are capable of inflicting a sharp nip. For the rest, whether in the wild or in captivity, their general behaviour is lethargic, and much of the time seems to be spent lying on the back, after having taken a tumble, with only the feeblest attempts made at resuming the normal walking position. Even so, when disturbed or handled, if planted on its six legs, the male stag-beetle assumes the so-called threatening posture, with the front of the body raised, the "antlers" spread, and the middle pair of legs lifted up over the sides of the body. If, indeed, this is the usual threatening attitude so characteristic of the males of most species, then it is singularly ineffective. In spite of the fearsome appearance of the antler-like mandibles, they have little bite in them. Taking



THE MALE OF THE STAG-BEETLE (*Lucanus cervus*).

This, the largest beetle in the British Isles, is one of a group of several species known collectively as stag-beetles, and it is characterised, among other things, by the harmless but ferocious-looking antler-like jaws of the male. Large size and over-development of certain parts of the body are usually associated with a decline leading to the ultimate extinction of a species.

to overlook, we know singularly little of its habits, and even that little is mystifying rather than enlightening.

Having lived more than a score of years in a district where stag-beetles abound has merely deepened for me the several mysteries surrounding its life-story. The beetles come out at twilight, and one has a fleeting vision of a large beetle flying, apparently clumsily but strongly, the body held more or less vertically. Or it may be that on a warm evening, the air in one small area will be alive with scores of them. I have never succeeded in tracing the exact place such swarms are coming from, and a watch kept the following year in the same spot may yield not a single beetle. Again, one may decide to keep watch on a particular evening, where for the past day or so they have been active, and see nothing. Overcast skies and cold winds seem to keep them grounded. In the mornings after good flying evenings, stag-beetles can be seen lying on the ground, on their backs, apparently lifeless and making no attempt to right themselves, not even waving a leg, and making little attempt to move if picked up. On the other hand, at any time of the day, one may suddenly come across a female beetle walking, to all intents purposively, along the ground. The casualties, from being trodden underfoot, are quite obviously heavy.

The rest of the life-history is pieced together by accidental events. A neighbour has a rotten tree felled and it is found to be tunnelled. In the tunnels are large grubs, nearly 3 ins. long, curved in a "C" and lying on their sides. When a fence with oak posts is being repaired is another occasion for finding the grubs, for really rotten and wetted oak is the favourite site, the grubs feeding on its substance. If the fence is being repaired in the autumn or winter, pupæ may be found. The larval life lasts for three or four years—at least one authority has suggested it may be up to six. Whatever is the span of years, in the autumn the larva pupates within a cocoon of wood chippings, and at this stage all the features of the adult insect can be seen in the outer casing of the pupa. If a male, the antlers are folded along the underside.

Stag-beetles belong to the category of natural scavengers, or, more properly perhaps, composters, helping to break down the dead or dying tree, returning its substance to the soil. They are



THE STAG-BEETLE, WITH WING-COVERS LIFTED AND THE MEMBRANOUS WINGS EXPOSED.

Although they fly strongly, typically with body more or less vertical, their flight has little agility. They seem to be readily brought to the ground by collision with solid objects and the beetles are as often seen on the ground as in the air.

four or six years requires a degree of skill and patience, and in this case there is little scientific or economic profit.

There are two aspects of the biology of stag-beetles that merit attention, if only for the problems they raise. The first concerns the larvæ. In any rotten stump, of tree or post, infested by stag-beetle larvæ, the number of galleries is usually high, yet each gallery has been excavated without collision with the other galleries. It is known



"LETHARGIC IN ALL THINGS, THAT'S HIM": A MALE STAG-BEETLE ON HIS BACK, THE POSITION IN WHICH HE IS BEST KNOWN TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC.

Stag-beetles fly mainly at dusk and in the morning are commonly seen lying on their backs on the ground, motionless or with little obvious sign of life—often having been trodden underfoot. If on their six legs and in walking position, they are, again, apt to show little sign of animation. When handled they make little effort to escape or defend themselves.

Photographs by Neave Parker.

everything into consideration, the adult stag-beetles give an impression of decadence, as if the larval stage has been extended at the expense of maturity, and all that is now left is a relic with the sole function of ensuring the perpetuation of the species.

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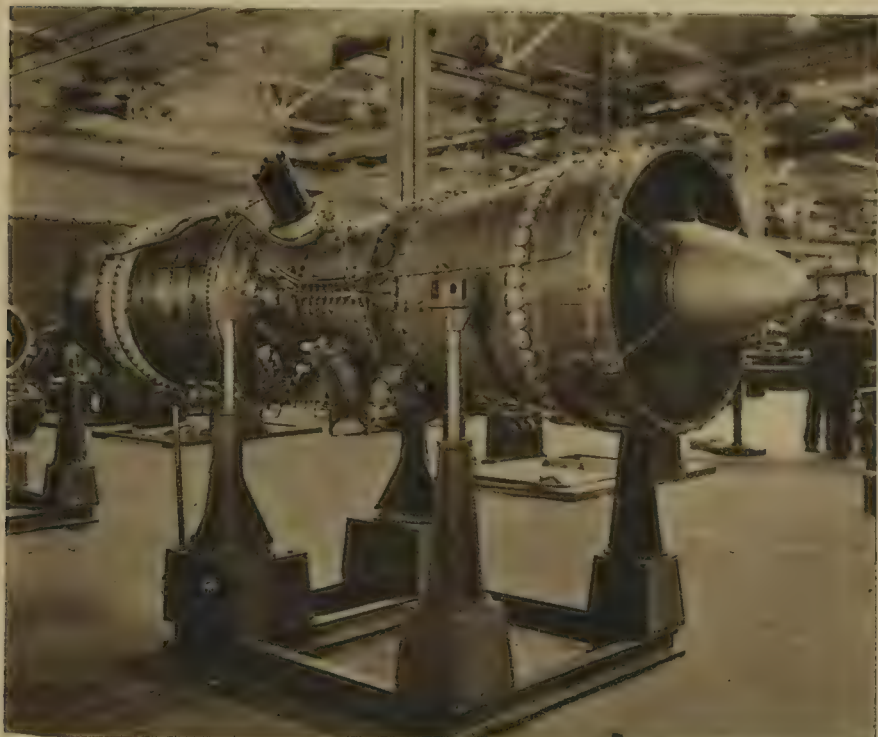
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HIGH-SPEED TRANSPORT OF YESTERDAY, TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW, BY ROAD, SEA AND AIR.



THE NEW AMERICAN LINER'S DRAMATIC ENTRY INTO NEW YORK HARBOUR: THE 52,000-TON *UNITED STATES*. SHE WAS ESCORTED BY DESTROYERS, COASTGUARD CUTTERS AND OTHER CRAFT, WITH FIREBOATS PLAYING THEIR HOSES. THE *UNITED STATES* WAS DUE TO LEAVE NEW YORK ON HER MAIDEN VOYAGE TO LE HAVRE AND SOUTHAMPTON ON JULY 3; AND IS DUE TO REACH LE HAVRE ON JULY 8.



A LANDMARK IN AVIATION HISTORY: THE BRISTOL *OLYMPUS* TURBO-JET—AN AIRCRAFT ENGINE WHICH DELIVERS 9750 LBS. THRUST. INFORMATION AVAILABLE SHOWS THAT IN NO OTHER COUNTRY TO-DAY IS THERE SO POWERFUL OR SO ECONOMICAL AN ENGINE IN A COMPARABLE STAGE OF DEVELOPMENT. ITS IMMENSE POWER IS ACHIEVED WITH COMPARATIVELY LOW FUEL CONSUMPTION.



A PIONEER IN AVIATION: THE LATE ALBERTO SANTOS-DUMONT (CENTRE) (1873-1932) WITH HIS MECHANIC ALBERT CHAPIN, AND HIS DRIVER (LEFT). IN THE BACKGROUND IS THE ORIGINAL *DEMOISELLE* OR "GRASSHOPPER" MONOPLANE IN WHICH HE MADE HIS REMARKABLE EARLY FLIGHTS.



THE MARITIME PRIDES OF THREE COUNTRIES BERTHED IN THE HUDSON RIVER: (FRONT TO REAR) THE BRITISH *QUEEN MARY*, THE FRENCH *LIBERTÉ*, THE *UNITED STATES*. America's new liner, *United States*, in her trials is stated to have "considerably exceeded 34 knots." She was due to leave New York on July 3 on her maiden voyage to Le Havre and Southampton. *Queen Mary* won the Blue Riband of the Atlantic in 1938 with an average speed of 31.69 knots.



OFFICIALLY TIMED AT A SPEED OF 151.965 M.P.H. OVER A KILOMETRE: THE ROVER GAS TURBINE CAR, BEING EXAMINED BY MR. S. B. WILKS (LEFT) AND MR. M. C. WILKS. A Rover gas turbine car was on June 25 timed by officials of the Royal Belgian Automobile Club at a speed of 140.422 m.p.h. over a distance of one kilometre on the Jabbeke autoroute. She was driven by Mr. S. King and Mr. P. Wilks in turn and later reached 151.965 m.p.h.



THE ORIGINAL AIRCRAFT IN WHICH SANTOS DUMONT MADE HIS FLIGHT OF 221 YARDS IN 1906 (ABOVE), THE INVENTOR AT THE CONTROLS; AND (BELOW) A MODERN RECON-STRUCTION RECENTLY FLOWN IN FRANCE AS A TRIBUTE TO SANTOS-DUMONT.



AMONG the various activities of the Victoria and Albert Museum for which I and thousands of others are grateful is the organisation of various travelling shows illustrating this or that aspect of



FIG. 1. "YOU ARE ALWAYS COMPLAINING; YOU ARE NEVER CONTENTED": A LITHOGRAPH BY HONORE DAUMIER (1808-1879).

Much of the best work of French lithographers in the nineteenth century came out in Philippon's papers "*La Caricature*" and "*Le Charivari*," to which Daumier contributed regularly. The lithograph we reproduce was No. 8 of a series, "*Conjugal Manners*."

art—circuses, I call them—which are to be seen up and down the country at odd intervals, generally, I suspect, when local galleries need something to fill a gap of a few weeks between their own exhibitions. If I hear of anything of the sort within reach, I generally try to see it, for while the very finest of the nation's possessions are not sent out on the road in this way, what does travel is always carefully selected and beautifully balanced, so that we earth-bound provincials have only ourselves to blame if our darkness remains unlightened. I came across one of these circuses—devoted to lithography—one rainy afternoon at Lincoln a few weeks ago. The city has a population of nearly 70,000. I came from a long way off, and I shared the gallery with three other people, and they also seemed to be visitors from the outside world.

The exhibition, "150 Years of Lithography," is one of two touring displays of the same name arranged by the Victoria and Albert Museum. Both are devoted not to the commercial developments of this simple invention, which are legion, but to the use made of it by creative artists; and that is of no small interest. I have written *simple* invention, because what, when you come to think of it, can be simpler than a Munich paving-stone and the axiom that oil and water won't mix? The process could have been invented at any time since the fifteenth century, but it was left to an impecunious Bavarian playwright, Alois Senefelder, who wanted to publish his plays at the smallest possible cost, to experiment with the smooth stones from the quarry at Solanhofen, which were used to pave the streets, because the high price of metal appalled him. Before this—1798—there were two methods of printing, both discovered in the fifteenth century: relief printing, that is, by cutting a wood block (later a metal one) so that the image stood out in relief on the block, and intaglio printing, in which the block was cut in a groove and the ink filled the groove.

Lithography is printing from a smooth surface. The design is drawn on the stone in greasy chalk or ink. Then the whole surface is dampened, and the water, repelled by the greasy chalk, only wets the undrawn parts,

while the printing ink, repelled by the water, only sticks on to the drawing. Easy, I am told, provided you can draw, are not butter-fingers, and can indulge in this sort of thing without getting yourself smothered in ink and water. Anyway, from this chance experiment came all the posters, maps, music, show-cards, etc., of modern commercial printing, and also some singularly beautiful and sensitive prints from individual artists working alone and generally for a limited public, though sometimes, as in Fig. 1, for popular papers.

In England, lithography began soberly enough and attracted the attention of many first-class illustrators. At first the prints were confined to black and white, then a grey, or buff tint was added, by printing from a second stone, and certain splendid books of the 1840's on foreign travel—with illustrations, for example, by men of the quality of David Roberts—were issued in two editions, one with tinted prints and the other—more expensive—with additional colours added by hand. The next development was obvious—a print in many colours from several stones to avoid the labour and expense of colouring each by hand—and there is a famous volume by Thomas Shotter Boys, of the year 1839, which shows this method to perfection. But after about ten years, printers, publishers and artists all seem to have taken the wrong turning: instead of keeping their feet on the earth they tried to reproduce oil paintings, and manufactured myriads of oleographs, which is a word nearly as horrible as the things it describes. After that, they sat back for half a century and turned out



FIG. 3. "MATERNITY": A LITHOGRAPH BY AUGUSTE RENOIR (1841-1919).

On this page Mr. Frank Davis discusses "One Hundred and Fifty Years of Lithography," the name given to two exhibitions of lithographs from their collection which have been arranged and sent "on tour" by the Victoria and Albert Museum. One—the smaller collection—is now at Watford, in the Public Library; the other is at Sheffield, and will later move to Darlington. The illustrations, from one of these exhibitions, are reproduced by courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. 150 YEARS OF LITHOGRAPHY.

By FRANK DAVIS.

nothing really original, though the curious, if they care to take the trouble, will find much to amuse them in the covers of popular music during the thirty years after 1845 or so—slick, sentimental and entertaining.

In France the course of events was very different. The process was used by Goya when he was nearly eighty and living in exile in Bordeaux—the set of bull-fighting lithographs he executed there in 1825 is recognised as among the finest ever produced; and it rapidly became the normal medium for satirical and humorous prints like Fig. 1—not, you will say perhaps, an excruciatingly funny conception, but well-drawn and lively, and not a copy of something else. Later on, the enthusiasm of the dealer Vollard, whose memoirs, ill-arranged and often trivial though they are, yet provide a most vivid record of the comings and goings of remarkable personalities, persuaded painters of the calibre of Cézanne and Renoir to take up this most flexible technique, so that—to cut a long story short—lithography became established as a natural medium of expression for men as gifted and as classical as Matisse or as Promethean as Picasso. The latter, among much that you and I may consider perverse and tiresome, has



FIG. 2. "THE BATHERS": A LITHOGRAPH BY PAUL CÉZANNE (1838-1906).

Cézanne, an outstanding figure among French nineteenth-century painters, produced a number of very fine lithographs, of which this is an impressive example.

also produced some truly noble and monumental lithographs.

Back now to England, which can be said to have begun to emerge from the dark ages as far as lithography is concerned when the Victoria and Albert Museum celebrated the centenary of the invention in 1898. Since that time, numerous artists have produced notable prints, whether as book illustrations or separately and, to mention only one set, no doubt many readers of this page either own, or have seen, the fine series of lithographs executed by Sir David Muirhead Bone illustrating shipbuilding activities during the 1914-1918 war. There is a particularly impressive one of Beatty's flagship *Lion* on the stocks. We are by now familiar with Government patronage of the arts, especially during wartime. In that earlier war, such patronage was a new thing, and it is well to be reminded that it made possible not only these Muirhead Bone lithographs, but also others by the late C. R. W. Nevinson and William Rothenstein. Until the 1920's, most English lithographs were in black and white; you have the impression that the men concerned were determined, above all things, to start from the very beginning and escape from the garish tradition of the Victorian oleograph. Nowadays we are bolder and, if you have ever seen a coloured lithograph by, say, the late Paul Nash, you will, I think, agree not less successful. Anyway, if either Lithograph exhibition turns up in your neighbourhood, it is well worth a visit; the whole story is told extremely well, and shows how varied are the results which men of imagination can obtain from the process.



DISCOVERED IN THE BATHROOM AT HILL HALL DURING REPAIRS: A MURAL OF THE BIBLICAL SERIES, HEZEKIAH FINDING THE TEMPLE DOOR CLOSED.



"THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB BY THE ANGEL OF THE LORD"; ONE OF THE SERIES OF BIBLICAL WALL-PAINTINGS AT HILL HALL WHICH ARE BEING COVERED UP.

UNCOVERED AT HILL HALL AND NOW TO VANISH ONCE MORE FROM SIGHT: SIXTEENTH-CENTURY MURALS.

The existence of wall-paintings at Hill Hall, Theydon Mount, Essex, has always been known. Biblical murals were mentioned in the diary of one of the original owners, the Smith family. Some were covered with plate-glass in Victorian times and left *in situ* in what had become the lift-shaft; and others were cut from their places and given by the late Lord Edward Hay (who once owned the house) to the Victoria and Albert Museum, where

they are now preserved. Further discoveries of murals were, however, made recently by the Ministry of Works, when repairs were being carried out for the Prison Commissioners, who have acquired Hill Hall. Unfortunately, they will once more vanish from sight as, in view of the fact that the house is to be used as a "prison without bars" for women, it has been decided to cover them up. Other paintings are reproduced overleaf.

Reproduced by permission of the Ministry of Works.

HILL HALL, PRISON-WITHOUT-BARS TO BE, AND ITS NEWLY-REVEALED MURALS.



THE GREAT HALL OF HILL HALL, THEYDON MOUNT, ESSEX, A MANSION NOW OWNED BY THE PRISON COMMISSIONERS: A VIEW LOOKING NORTH-WEST TOWARDS THE GALLERY.



THE GARDEN FRONT OF HILL HALL, THEYDON MOUNT, ESSEX, ONCE OCCUPIED BY THE VICTORIAN HOSTESS, MRS. CHARLES HUNTER, AND NOW TO BECOME A "PRISON WITHOUT BARS" FOR WOMEN: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING REPAIRS.



WITH OFFICIALS OF THE ANCIENT MONUMENTS DEPARTMENT, MINISTRY OF WORKS, REPAIRING IT: PART OF THE NEWLY-DISCOVERED WALL-PAINTINGS OF "CUPID AND PSYCHE."



AFTER REMOVAL OF PLASTER FROM STUD-FRAMING AND BEFORE LATER STUD-WORK WAS REMOVED: "CUPID AND PSYCHE" PAINTINGS, IN THE "ITALIAN BEDROOM."

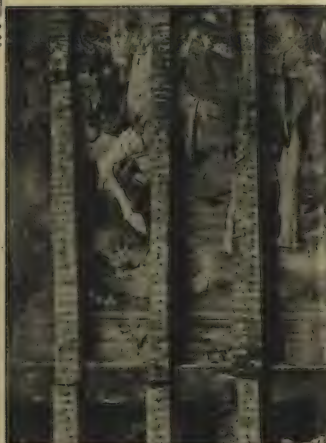


SHOWING THE PROCESS OF REMOVAL OF LATER STUD-WORK: A PAINTING, PART OF THE "CUPID AND PSYCHE" SERIES, DISCOVERED IN THE "WHITE BEDROOM" IN THE WEST WING.

On the previous page we illustrate some of the mural paintings at Hill Hall, Theydon Mount, Essex. During recent repairs some interesting discoveries of previously unknown wall-paintings were made there by the Ministry of Works. These include a series of the Cupid and Psyche story from those made by Michel Cozio (b. 1499), which were engraved by the Master of the Die. As noted on our previous page, it was known that a biblical series of murals existed



PART OF THE BIBLICAL SERIES AT HILL HALL: DETAIL OF THE "DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB." BIBLICAL PAINTINGS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN KNOWN TO EXIST AT HILL HALL.



DURING THE PROCESS OF UNCOVERING AND RESTORATION: A STORY OF HEZEKIAH. IT IS SHOWN

at Hill Hall, but the "Cupid and Psyche" series are a new discovery. They have foliage and fruit borders, and were painted to give the effect of tapestry. The biblical set have architectural borders. The Ancient Monuments Department of the Ministry of Works have carefully repaired the newly-found paintings, but as the house is to be used as a "prison without bars" for women, the Prison Commissioners, who now own it, have decided that the paintings must be covered



SHOWING THE ELABORATE REPAIR WORK BEING CARRIED OUT BY THE MINISTRY OF WORKS: THE FRONT OF HILL HALL, WHICH WAS BEGUN IN 1568 BY SIR THOMAS SMITH, BUT HAS BEEN OFTEN ALTERED THROUGHOUT THE CENTURIES.



SHOWING THE FOLIAGE-AND-FRUIT BORDER IN TAPESTRY STYLE: DETAIL OF PART OF THE "CUPID AND PSYCHE" SET, PROBABLY LATE SIXTEENTH-CENTURY WORK.

BIBLICAL PAINTING FOUND IN THE BATHROOM, ILLUSTRATING THE UNCOVERED ON OUR PREVIOUS PAGE.

up; but they will be carefully preserved. It is, however, possible that those in the "Italian bedroom" may be left visible, and that this room will not be used by the prison authorities, but kept as a display room. Hill Hall was begun by Sir Thomas Smith in 1568 in place of an earlier building on the site. It was still unfinished at his death in 1577, but he left provision for its completion. Alterations were begun about a century later, and a date, 1714, on two rain-water heads

LONG HIDDEN—AGAIN TO BE COVERED: HILL HALL'S SIXTEENTH-CENTURY MURALS.



TAKEN FROM THE HALF-LANDING BETWEEN THE GROUND AND FIRST FLOORS: DETAIL OF THE STAIR, SOUTH-EAST CORNER, OF HILL HALL, A GREAT HOUSE WHERE THE DISCOVERY OF A SERIES OF WALL-PAINTINGS HAS BEEN MADE.



BEARING A NOTE THAT IT HAS BEEN REPAIRED AND PRESERVED BY THE MINISTRY OF WORKS: DETAIL OF THE "CUPID AND PSYCHE" STORY, CUT BY A PARTITION (RIGHT).



UNCOVERED IN THE "ITALIAN BEDROOM": DETAIL OF A PAINTING IN THE "CUPID AND PSYCHE" STORY, WITH A FOLIAGE-AND-FRUIT BORDER IN TAPESTRY MANNER.



PART OF THE BIBLICAL SERIES IN THE BATHROOM: THIS PORTION JOINS THAT ILLUSTRATED ON OUR PREVIOUS PAGE, AND SHOWN PARTLY COVERED UP DURING RESTORATION IN THE REPRODUCTION ON THE IMMEDIATE LEFT.

indicates completion of this work and the cartouche in the pediment with the arms of Smith-impaling Hedges confirms it. Further alterations and additions were made between 1777 and 1823, and after 1912. Mrs. Charles Hunter, a famous Victorian hostess, once lived at Hill House, and Lord Edward Hay was a later owner. The Biblical subjects are the finer. The story of Hezekiah, son of the wicked Ahar, is taken from II. Chronicles 28 and 29.

THE NUMBAT: A PASSING RELIC OF THE EARTH'S EARLY FURRED ANIMALS.

By DAVID FLEAY, B.Sc., Dip. Ed., C.M.Z.S. (London and New York).

ASK the average Australian to define a wombat, and his answer is ready enough, but a similar query on the not so differently named numbat leaves him guessing. Actually, "numbat" is the aborigines' term for a small, strikingly coloured, exquisitely dainty creature which few have seen alive, or ever will; and which, sad to say, even now is passing into extinction away down in the south-west of Western Australia.

No bigger in size than a large brown rat, this Banded Ant-eater, as distinct from the egg-laying, spiny ant-eater, has an origin which, in its exact details, is shrouded in mystery. It is a living but passing relic of the earth's very early furred animals. So different are the characters of this *Myrmecobius fasciatus* of the zoology student from those of all other marsupials that it requires a special family name in scientific literature, though it is probable that it is a far-back offshoot of the more familiar group of dasyure-like animals—"native cats" and their kin.

In colour the numbat is one of the most outstanding of all Australian animals, and nothing short of a colour photograph can really do it justice. Bright rust-red is the general tint of the fore-part of the body, while six or seven white bars cross transversely between the tail-base and mid-back region, the fur between them being black; the animal has thus a very similar pattern to that of Tasmania's marsupial "wolf." The individual hairs of the body are comparatively coarse, and longer ones with white tips give a remarkable halo-like effect about the animal in general. A dark cheek-stripe running to the ear and also a white one below it give the numbat's face—otherwise so like that of the brush-tailed phascogale—its distinctive appearance. The tail, previously mentioned, is long and uniformly clothed with stiff hairs which may be rapidly bristled, forming a bold and handsome brush.

In the words of Professor F. Wood-Jones, eminent authority on marsupials, the numbat possesses the distinction of being so peculiar a creature that it cannot possibly be mistaken for any other species. The male is decidedly larger than the female, but the figure of the animal differs from that of most small mammals in the remarkable breadth and flatness of the hinder-part. The region of the loin, instead of being arched in typical mammalian fashion, is flattened much as it is in lizards. The comparatively thick

experience a swift, one-day sky-ride right across 2000-odd miles of Australia in man's most modern form of transport. This occurred in November, 1941, when the first living numbat to travel by air was

flown successfully by Australian National Airways from Perth to Melbourne, and became established for the purposes of study at Healesville Sanctuary, Victoria. Miss Nita Kohlhausen, of Kojonup, W.A., had long been enthusiastic to aid in this project, and thanks to her meticulous attention to detail and the co-operation of both Mr. Fraser, Western Australian Game Department, and Mr. F. Lewis, then Chief of the



LICKING TERMITES FROM THEIR GALLERIES IN "HONEY-COMBED" WOOD WITH ITS CYLINDRICAL, EXTENSIBLE AND STICKY TONGUE, SOME 4 INS. LONG: A CAPTIVE NUMBAT, OR BANDED ANT-EATER.

Victorian Department of Fisheries and Game, a young female numbat captured in the district on November 20, 1941, by Mr. J. C. Smith, was despatched without delay on its necessarily swift west-east continental crossing. Less is known of the habits of the numbat than of the majority of the pouched animals, which is saying a great deal; and it was entirely with the idea of watching and recording its habits, and perhaps eventually obtaining a mate, that the numbat brought to Healesville was secured.

The many accounts of the delicate nature of *Myrmecobius* and its unfavourable reaction to conditions of captivity had caused a good deal of uncertainty about the transportation of one of these animals to Victoria. Hopes were not particularly bright when the little creature proved on arrival to be in a torpid, sluggish state, but I had seen many of the smaller marsupials, when cold, in this dormant, lizard-like state of lethargy and was not hopelessly pessimistic of the outcome. On her first morning in Victoria the numbat was as lively as a cricket. She refused all food until the early afternoon, and then, from offerings embracing termites, several species of ants and their eggs,

meal-worms, beetles, grubs, earthworms, raw egg, bread and milk, honey and jam, she concentrated on the termites, and licked up every one in sight; or, more correctly, within smell, for the olfactory sense is highly developed. The outstanding feature of the numbat's meal-time was the spectacle of her perfectly amazing pink tongue flickering with lightning rapidity deep into every crevice of termite-riddled wood, its tip shooting out of unexpected holes at all angles inches away from the animal's snout! This cylindrical, extensible and sticky tongue is at least 4 ins. long. Members of the smaller species of termites were gathered in and swallowed whole without chewing; but the larger white ants, particularly those of the soldier or fighter caste with the strong heads and formidable jaws of such robust species as *Calotermes insularis*, common in mountain-ash timber (*Eucalyptus regnans*), were subjected to rapid and audible mastication, the animal pausing meanwhile before gathering up further victims. Though the teeth of *Myrmecobius* are regarded as degenerate, there are a very large number of them, fifty-two in all; that is, twenty more than the total number found in man.

Returning to early experiences with the newly-arrived numbat, it was found that her sluggishness and unhealthy appearance persisted, particularly in the mornings, for several days following her arrival; and on November 30 she remained torpid all day, being quite incapable of feeding. Cold and stiff to handle, like a dormant lizard, she could scarcely struggle over to right herself when laid upon her back. However, that cheerless twelve hours appeared to end our troubles. From the early morning of December 1 she did not look back. Termites and yet more termites, easily 10,000 to 20,000 of the smaller species daily were demanded. Little Miss Numbat's capacity for these soft-bodied, light-shunning insects appeared to be inexhaustible, and slowly but surely the old stumps and fallen logs of Badger Creek paddocks and surrounding bush-lands were reduced to chips and splinters. Old, crumbling stumps were the usual "bonanzas" where, despite many a "red-hot" sting from bull-dog ants, a spherical basement nest of termites would yield such a colony that the community warmth in the central region was astounding indeed.

In the time of its feeding habits the really outstanding feature of the marsupial ant-eater impressed itself upon one's notice by its very strangeness. In direct contrast to the nocturnal habits of practically all marsupials, the numbat frisks about and feeds freely all day and sleeps soundly at night! Never did we see Miss Ant-eater out after darkness had fallen. She had chosen a hollow log and in furnishing it with home comforts had been seen to carry in dead leaves and to strip dry grass after much vigorous jerking and pulling with closed jaws from an old tussock. Quite a comfortable bed was constructed in this chosen home.



SHOWING THE TAIL, WHICH IS LONG AND UNIFORMLY CLOTHED WITH STIFF HAIRS THAT FORM A BOLD AND HANDSOME BRUSH WHEN RAPIDLY BRISTLED: THE NUMBAT—AN ATTRACTIVE PICTURE OF BEAUTY AND NIMBLE GRACE.

and widely spaced fore-legs, combined with the pointed face seen in front view, are strongly reminiscent in miniature of the large ant-eating mammals of other countries. Another of the many primitive anatomical features of lovely little *Myrmecobius* is the absolute lack of any sign of a pouch. Its site is marked by specialised crimped hairs, and there are four teats to which "joeys" hang while they are growing. Though superficially squirrel-like, particularly in the light, airy way it scampers about, with its fuzzed-out tail held erect or arched over its back, the numbat really bears a closer resemblance to that fellow marsupial and fierce little raider of the gum-trees—the brush-tailed phascogale. When hurrying over the ground, this ant-eater bounds in a series of leaps, though in "slow motion" it indulges in a trotting action. Normally the tail is carried in a line with the body, but with a slight upward curve, and the hairs are not bristled. The arching and spectacular fuzzing of the tail over the back occur in moments of excitement and conditions of emotional stress generally.

Some years ago an exciting event occurred when one of these intriguing, tapering-snouted little creatures, whose ancestors were specialised in remote times for their unusual mode of life, and who are to-day regarded as not only archaic, but degenerate in some characters, lived to



PROVIDING PROTECTION FROM BIRDS OF PREY: THE STRIPED BODY OF THE NUMBAT SEEN FROM ABOVE, SHOWING HOW THE PATTERN BREAKS UP THE OUTLINE OF THE BODY. THE NUMBAT FEEDS DURING THE DAYTIME AND IS THEN VULNERABLE TO ATTACKS FROM THE AIR.



OBLIVIOUS OF THE SPECTATORS AS IT CLEARS HUNDREDS OF TERMITES FROM THEIR GALLERIES IN A LOG WITH ITS BUSY TONGUE: THE CAPTIVE NUMBAT FEEDING AND SHOWING ITS STRONG-CLAWED FORE-FeET AND THE BANDS ON THE BODY.

Photographs by R. M. Young, Healesville.

She never stirred from her boudoir after dusk, dreaming possibly of the termites yet to come.

Each morning, as soon as a fresh bucket of white-ant material was brought along, the numbat (who in her eagerness usually jumped into the bucket) would devote undivided attention to the job in hand. "Going for the lick of her life," nothing could distract her. Her powers of concentration on the minute, soft-bodied insects were unique. Sugar ants (*Camponotus nigricaps*), mixed with the rubble, occasionally clung to her legs, but, without the slightest interruption to her tongue-work, a lightning flick of each foot in turn would throw the intruders many feet away.

Were the termites deep down in hidden galleries in a piece of wood, the numbat endeavoured to solve her difficulties by opening her jaws, seizing the whole fragment, and pulling it into a more favourable position. Her sturdy and prominent central fore-claws were used to good effect in scratching into rotten wood, and the long snout was also brought into play as a lever to force fragments of wood and earth apart. It was most noticeable, too, that like the so-different spiny ant-eater (*Tachyglossus*), the numbat preferred termite-riddled wood, so that the insects could be extracted cleanly from their galleries. Once they had fallen into the dust rubble and general debris of a broken-up stump, the ant-eater

(Continued opposite.)



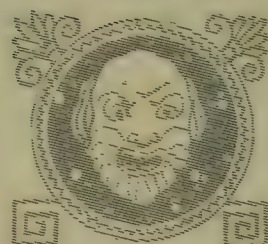
"A SMALL, STRIKINGLY COLOURED, EXQUISITELY DAINTY CREATURE WHICH FEW HAVE SEEN ALIVE, OR EVER WILL": THE CAPTIVE NUMBAT, OR BANDED ANT-EATER, DESCRIBED ON THE FACING PAGE AND HERE SHOWN APPROXIMATELY LIFE-SIZE.

was most diffident about collecting them, obviously disliking the accumulation of wood dust on her long, sticky tongue, and being unable to gather her victims in quantity. Evidently, in Western Australia, very rotten stumps extending underground, old, crumbling logs and soil-building termites are sought, for *Myrmecobius* is not strong enough to break apart anything but very much decayed flaky or earthy material. It is probable that the animals find little difficulty in scenting and scratching out colonies of such species as *Heterotermes ferox*, a termite found in south-western Western Australia as well as in South Australia, Victoria and New South Wales. This white ant is generally found in small colonies living under stones and in galleries in the soil beneath. In spite of the provision of every species of true ant and other insects procurable in the Healesville district, it appeared quite definite from the captive animal's behaviour that the numbat is almost wholly a "white ant" eater. In fact, marsupial, or banded termite-eater might have been a far more apt vernacular name than the unspecific one of banded ant-eater. Admittedly our animal did devour odd ant-eggs and some ant larvæ and cocoon-enclosed pupæ, but only when hungry, and she always passed them by in favour of straight termites. In working for her food, the vigour and rapidity of the dainty creature's movements were amazing. She became most annoyed if touched whilst working on a good "prospect," and uttered low-toned chirring notes of protest that could be likened to sounds of heavy breathing. Should the animal be gently pushed away from her food, she usually retaliated by pushing back or leaning hard against one's hand, the whole time feeding persistently. Once, while scampering about, the numbat was heard to give a rapid staccato and very phascogale-like series of "tut-tut-tut-tuts"—evidently representing calls or conversation in the *Myrmecobius* tongue. It was noted on a number of occasions that, following a hearty meal, when her abdomen was quite hard and bulging with its solidly packed termite content, the numbat scampered to a broad log, upon which she was in the habit of resting, and stretched herself upon it with long fore-limbs extended, tail straight out from the body and jaws yawning widely. The truly amazing feature of the whole languid attitude adopted in full sunlight lay in the outward and downward extension in a graceful arc of the whole 4 ins. of pink, ribbon-like tongue. Only such a creature as the numbat could provide such a spectacle. This ant-eater is not a burrow-making creature and, contrary to general belief, it is quite a clever climber. This one showed that she would experience little trouble in searching, if need be, for termites in crumbling stumps several feet above ground. Should anything ever startle the little Kojonup creature—a most uncommon event—she would immediately sit bolt upright, with black eyes popping and fore-paws downbent,

resembling in miniature the attitude of a kangaroo. At such times her puzzled expression seemed to suggest as plainly as possible: "What on earth was that?" The disregard of danger in the presence of food, so typical of a number of marsupials, is pronounced in the case of the numbat; and when picked up the little animal at Healesville made no attempt to struggle and had not the faintest inclination or idea of how to bite. Naturally all at the Badger Creek Sanctuary became most attached to her. Her sprightliness, beauty and friendliness won all hearts, and thousands of visitors lucky enough to see a living numbat were delighted with and fascinated by the lively little creature. She had adapted herself to the new life as if born to it, and no return of her sluggishness and early sickness occurred. However, in February, 1942, tragedy brought the numbat's chapter to a sad conclusion. With startling suddenness early that month the little animal collapsed and died within the space of several hours; stunning us with the unexpectedness of her loss. She had been at the Sanctuary for a little over two months. Perhaps I had not obtained quite enough termites, though goodness knows millions were procured, and we had run ourselves poor in the continual hunt. A more likely explanation of the numbat's untimely death lay in the probability of a bite from a Red-back or Katipo spider (*Latrodectus hasseltii*). These highly venomous creatures were a source of continual trouble in the warm house inhabited by the numbat, and several had been killed in the very log in which her nest was built. From all accounts of the banded ant-eater in its West Australian habitat, it relies entirely on hollow logs as a refuge, and consequently bush fires wreak havoc with the small creatures. Formerly it had a fairly wide distribution, extending from the South Australian Murray lands, where it still existed thirty-eight years ago, and west of Victoria, right across to Western Australia; but unfortunately the South Australian animal (a distinct species) has gone for ever, leaving only the south-western corner of the continent as the last home of little pointy-nosed *Myrmecobius*. It was most obvious to me during a recent trip to the Lofty Ranges in South Australia that the semi-buried and teeming termitaria must have provided an abundance of suitable food for the South Australian numbat in its heyday. The survival of an animal so specialised, so foolishly trusting and in some respects so degenerate, into the present century, could only have been possible in such an isolated place as Australia; but the white man, with his burning-off, and his dog and cat, is unconsciously but rapidly spelling its doom. Only properly designed, wire-netted and well-guarded reserves in the south-west of Australia, and the liquidation by poisoning of animal marauders, can halt, or even delay, the rapid passing of the remnant into the Vale of No-return.



THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.



"THERE, THE MURDERERS."

By J. C. TREWIN.

TWICE recently I have watched the planning of a murder: first by Macbeth, pondering on the deed to come, and driven by the taunt: "Was the hope drunk wherein you dress'd yourself?"; and secondly, by two Old Boys (of an unspecified foundation) sitting together on a sofa in a Maida Vale flat and debating the murder of the host's wife.

The first scene was in the Stratford-upon-Avon revival of one of the major tragedies in our language; the second scene from a new puzzle-play called "Dial 'M' for Murder," at the Westminster Theatre. It is hard to say, and maybe hard to believe, that I found the second scene more exciting than the first.

There is no escape. "Macbeth" is notoriously the terror of our stage; but we had hoped that a revival produced by John Gielgud, and with Sir Ralph Richardson in the cast, might indeed have brought to us in performance the full dark glory of the text. Mr. Gielgud's production at Stratford proves now to be a frame for greatness: alas, the frame is not filled. A Macbeth must be at once soldier and poet. He must have stamina and imagination. He must be able, as Masefield puts it, to exalt and to blast.

At the Memorial Theatre all is prepared. We have an unlocalised setting of blackest night. Torches flare against it. Here is the battleground of the

But Mr. Gielgud follows the Folio text, which calls explicitly for "torches."

Compared with murder at Inverness, murder at Maida Vale is a subject for matter-of-fact discussion. It seems



"THE PINK ROOM," RODNEY ACKLAND'S PLAY AT THE LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH: SET IN A LONDON DRINKING CLUB IN JUNE 1945. MADGE, A RELIGIOUS FANATIC (MAUREEN DELANY, AT WINDOW), IS DENOUNCING THE COMPANY. THEY INCLUDE MAURICE (AUSTIN TREVOR; SEATED CENTRE), WITH (BEHIND HIM) CYRIL (IVAN STAFF). RUBY (MIGNON O'DOHERTY) IS SEATED (EXTREME RIGHT), SAM (CHRISTOPHER TAYLOR) IS STANDING UNDER THE ARCH WITH, TO THE RIGHT OF HIM, SIEGFRIED (DAVID HURST), JULIA (MARGARET HALSTAN) AND LETTICE (BETTY MARSDEN). TO THE RIGHT OF THE BAR HUGH (DAVID YATES) AND ELIZABETH (HEATHER STANNARD).



"DIAL 'M' FOR MURDER" AT THE WESTMINSTER, A PUZZLE PLAY BY FREDERICK KNOTT. CHIEF INSPECTOR HUBBARD (ANDREW CRUICKSHANK, RIGHT) INVESTIGATING A CASE OF VIOLENT DEATH, ASKS SHEILA WENDICE (JANE BAXTER) "WHY DIDN'T YOU TELEPHONE THE POLICE?" HER HUSBAND TONY (EMRYS JONES), WHO HAD PLANNED AN INGENIOUS MURDER, LISTENS REFLECTIVELY.

powers of evil and good. Here Macbeth can be harried through the smoke of hell. But Sir Ralph Richardson yields the fight at once. He is defeated almost at curtain-rise. The voice is not charged: it is too light for the verse. In a delivery that seems half-casual, half-laboured, the actor loses the tolling music. Macbeth has a fixed look of astonishment, but there is no terror in his speech; nothing, we feel, in his soul. In short, though a murder is planned and performed, and though Lady Macbeth (Margaret Leighton) acts with a fierce, taut intensity, we are not wholly conscious that Duncan has been killed.

I do not want to say much more of a study that, in one or two phrases, is plausible enough; that grows at the end into something like Macbeth's stature; but that is, for the most part, quite insufficient and not a true index to the quality of a distinguished actor. This is, we are aware, merely miscasting: the fact that Richardson cannot deal with Macbeth should not blur our memory of the noble performances in his earlier Shakespearean record, or prejudice us against excitements to come.

The revival, with some good secondary work (that, for example, of Jack Gwillim, Laurence Harvey, and Raymond Westwell), will be remembered first for John Gielgud's compelling creation of a "black Macbeth," relieved only by the English scene and its six Gothic arches. I heard some first-night comments on Duncan's arrival after dark at Macbeth's castle, when Banquo has the lines on the temple-haunting martlet.

that you take a glass of brandy and settle down in comfort with your old school acquaintance to debate the business: strangulation promptly at eleven o'clock on the next night; fee, one thousand pounds. This is in Frederick Knott's "Dial 'M' for Murder," a bad title for a remarkably well-managed puzzle-play, and one that (though prophecy is unsafe) should easily see the year out: I do not recall so neat a piece of craftsmanship since "Ten-Minute Alibi" (before that, maybe, "The Fourth Wall").

The trouble now is that I cannot discuss the plot. I can say, no doubt, that for reasons of his own, the lamentable Tony (Emrys Jones) decides to rid himself of his wife (Jane Baxter)—I admit, not too easy to swallow—and that he hires the unscrupulous Captain Lesgate (Olaf Pooley) to perform the rites. But after this I can only prowl gently around the point, directing your attention to Mr. Jones's subtle portrait of a charming and dangerous hypocrite; to Mr. Pooley's would-be First Murderer ("weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune," as another of the kidney says in "Macbeth"); and to Miss Baxter's clear charm.

One moment: I have not yet mentioned Chief Inspector Hubbard. He arrives to investigate an incident in the Maida Vale flat. From the moment he enters, we know that he suspects everything, from the work-basket to the carpet. (By a great effort of will, he does not arrest the work-basket.) Andrew Cruickshank, who plays the Chief Inspector, dominates like Chesterton's "great grey water-tower that strikes the stars on Campden Hill." We can merely huddle, pigmies, in our exposed seats, and hope—rather

helplessly—that he does not descend to arrest us in the auditorium. I would have liked to have seen Hubbard at work in Inverness. He, if anybody, could have taken charge of that fatal morning. It would have been worth hearing his cross-examination of the Macbeths on the events of the night: Malcolm might have come earlier to the throne, and without intervening bloodshed.

Some of us could have done, also, with the Chief Inspector at "The Pink Room" (Lyric, Hammersmith). This play, which has for a sub-title "The Escapists," is by Rodney Ackland: we can only wonder why the dramatist of "After October" and "Before the Party" has produced so messily chaotic a piece. There are twenty-nine people in it, most of them described carefully on the programme. Thus: "The proprietress of the Pink Room, mourning the defection of her husband"; "An artist who no longer paints, addicted to drink"; "The Chutney Queen, disowned by her father, a chutney millionaire." And so on. These personages fill a drinking club in the West End of London during the summer of 1945. The building is bomb-shaken. At the last, when the club is closed, it bears a notice: "Keep Out. Building Unsafe." The piece is, among other things, an excursion in the satirical-symbolic; but Mr. Ackland has not made a play of his twenty-nine people and their comings-and-goings. All is in fragments, and implausible fragments at that. (Although there is no murder, we get very close to one.) At the end, we are left asking of what use it has been, except to give acting chances to a large cast: to Hermione Baddeley and Heather Stannard, for instance, and—in small parts—to Lally Bowers and Ivan Staff. Now, if Chief Inspector Hubbard had been about, he would have taken one swift look and closed the club at once: it might have been just as well.

By comparison, "The Gay Dog" (Piccadilly) is the most innocent of gambols in the "let's pretend" manner. We have to pretend that Wilfred Pickles is a North Country miner who keeps a greyhound; and



"THE GAY DOG" AT THE PICCADILLY, "THE MOST INNOCENT OF GAMBOLS." JIM GAY, A NORTH COUNTRY MINER (WILFRED PICKLES), AND MAGGIE GAY (MEGS JENKINS) ARE APOSTROPHISING THE GREYHOUND *Raving Beauty* (Nellie), WHO "LOST THE RACE BUT . . . WON ALL OUR HEARTS!"

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"MACBETH" (Stratford-upon-Avon).—John Gielgud's production of a "black Macbeth" is better devised than Sir Ralph Richardson's performance. (June 10.)
 "THE GAY DOG" (Piccadilly).—Jim Gay is a North Country miner, and the dog is his greyhound, *Raving Beauty*. Wilfred Pickles's will to please can carry us through a rough-and-ready comedy. (June 11.)
 "NO FURY" (New Torch).—An adaptation (from the French) of a curiously savage little domestic drama, with one sharp study by Mavis Walker. (June 12.)
 JACK BENNY (Palladium).—A pleasantly suave comedian returns. (June 16.)
 "TWELFTH NIGHT" (O.U.D.S., Oxford).—David Henschel's Feste, quicksilver-and-moonshine, is the heart of a moderate O.U.D.S. open-air revival before Mansfield College. There is also a gravely delightful Olivia (Margaret Butt). Alistair McIntosh has produced with some invention. (June 17-25.)
 "THE PINK ROOM" (Lyric, Hammersmith).—Escapists moaning at the bar in Rodney Ackland's elaborately chaotic play of a West End drinking club during June, 1945. (June 18.)
 "LA CENERENTOLA" (Glyndebourne).—The Festival reopens, with Rossini's effervescent Cinderella. (June 18.)
 "DIAL 'M' FOR MURDER" (Westminster).—One of the best puzzle-plays of its time, written by Frederick Knott—it was given first on television—and presented to admiration by a cast of five, under John Fernald. (June 19.)
 "IDOMENEO" (Glyndebourne).—The Mozart opera revived last year. (June 19.)
 "WHISTLER'S MOTHER" (New Boltons).—A waxwork piece about Whistler and his circle by an American, Robert Bachmann. (June 20.)

we have also to pretend that David King-Wood (who on other occasions has been a strong romantic actor) is a North Country vicar who keeps a greyhound. Somewhere between the two there hovers insecurely a plot: its details matter less than the general, and determined, heartiness of the whole affair. I don't know what might happen if Chief Inspector Hubbard were to appear at the end: he would find a body, I dare say, under the kitchen boards. Still, we need not worry: it is far from the Westminster Theatre; and the Chief Inspector will surely be engaged with his own pet murderer for a very long time.

WILDE'S WITTIEST PLAY FILMED: "THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST."



AN INGENUE FALLS IN LOVE: CECILY CARDEW (DOROTHY TUTIN) AND ALGERNON MONCRIEFF (MICHAEL DENISON), MASQUERADING AS "WICKED" ERNEST WORTHING.



MATURE LOVERS OF THE VICTORIAN ERA: MISS PRISM, THE GOVERNESS (MARGARET RUTHERFORD) AND THE REV. CANON CHASUBLE D.D. (MILES MALESON).



A SOPHISTICATED DÉBUTANTE AND HER ADMIRER: GWENDOLEN (JOAN GREENWOOD) AND JACK—WHOM SHE BELIEVES TO BE ERNEST WORTHING (MICHAEL REDGRAVE)



THE MATERIALISATION OF THE MYTHICAL "ERNEST," WHOSE "DEATH" WAS TO BE ANNOUNCED: ALGERNON (MICHAEL DENISON), THE BUTLER (AUBREY MATHER) AND JACK (MICHAEL REDGRAVE).



"ALGERNON, I FORBID YOU TO BE BAPTISED": CECILY (DOROTHY TUTIN), ALGERNON (MICHAEL DENISON), WHO WISHED TO BECOME "ERNEST," LADY BRACKNELL (EDITH EVANS) AND (RIGHT) JACK (MICHAEL REDGRAVE) AND GWENDOLEN (JOAN GREENWOOD).



A VICTORIAN DRAGON: DAME EDITH EVANS AS LADY BRACKNELL, A RÔLE SHE PLAYED IN THE 1939 AND 1942 STAGE REVIVALS.

"THE Importance of Being Earnest," by Oscar Wilde, produced at the St. James's Theatre in 1895, with George Alexander and Irene Vanbrugh, is one of the most amusing comedies ever seen on the English stage. The plot is admirably contrived, and the dialogue witty. It has now been brought to the screen in Anthony Asquith's Technicolor film produced by Teddy Baird at Pinewood Studios, and released by the Rank Organisation; and is at the Odeon, Leicester Square. The story deals with the love-affairs of Jack Worthing and Gwendolen Fairfax; and Algernon Moncrieff and Cecily Cardew. Jack, when in London, is known as "Ernest." His

[Continued below left.]



"I HATE TO SEEM INQUISITIVE, BUT WOULD YOU KINDLY INFORM ME WHO I AM?" JACK WORTHING (MICHAEL REDGRAVE) QUESTIONS LADY BRACKNELL (EDITH EVANS) ON HIS ORIGINS.

Continued.

ward, Cecily, believes that "Ernest" is her guardian's "wicked" brother; and when Algernon goes down to Worthing's country house and masquerades as "Ernest," she falls in love with him. This causes confusion, and the fact that each girl desires her husband to be called "Ernest" adds to it. Miss Prism,

governess to Cecily, has long been in love with Canon Chasuble. In a dramatic, final revelation, Miss Prism confesses that she absent-mindedly transferred a baby confided to her care from its perambulator to a Gladstone bag and placed a MS. in the "pram." Dame Edith Evans plays Lady Bracknell, the Victorian dragon.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

TWO of the stories this week may be called exotics, or novels of environment. Both are about far places, and endemic ills. And both lead, morally speaking, to the same conclusion: people are what they are, no matter where they are. In "The Witch's Thorn," by Ruth Park (Michael Joseph; 10s. 6d.), their habitat is the North Island of New Zealand. Not the right place, you might suppose, for a malignant effluence. But the Te Kano of this book gives one's ideas a jolt, and differs widely from the photographs. It is a dump of the worst kind, forlorn and drab, blasted by icy winds, sour with respectable pretensions, and, in this period of the Depression, on the edge of hunger. Even the geyser by the railway station, in theory its most romantic object, is in hard fact a rowdy, sulphurous grotesque. Only the Maoris have the art of living. They are not bothered with respectability, they take things simply, their hearts are natural and warm. Big Georgie Wi has one as large and comfortable as his bulk. He would make two of any other man, and he is twice as kindly and enjoying. And the best Catholic in the whole town—so Father Finn would say.

For the community is largely Catholic. The priest and Gramma Jury came from Ireland on the same ship, and have been cronies ever since. Now the old soul is on her deathbed; and who will look after the little girl? Not her own mother, Queenie, Gramma's youngest, who is dying herself—and with despairing callousness, is off to Auckland for a "gay time." Bethell, the love-child, has destroyed poor Queenie. She started as the beauty of Te Kano; she is not bad; only she longed for joy, and fell in love with Johnny Gow, who had a wife already, and when the child came she was marked. Johnny is no resource; his lawful brood, by his detested, miserable wife, is at starvation-level. Besides, he has no character at all. But there are other kin. Bethell has aunts; and Father Finn is pledged to keep an eye on her, and "Sister Eucalyptus" at the school is full of kindness....

Yet in the end what can they do? Pious Aunt Minogue can be made to take her, on religious grounds—but not to welcome her. "Oh, Tooley," cries the distracted woman to her grocer husband, "it's a dreadful thing to be the only good respectable person in a common family." Bethell is treated on those lines; and soon—thanks to the frightful spotted Jellicoe, the son and heir—she is again adrift. Move follows move; she finds protection, and it fails her; she is no one's own. Until at last she has become the whipping-boy in a tormented madhouse. Her friends can't act; indeed, they scarcely know of it. But Georgie knows; and under Georgie's hospitable roof she will be safe for ever.

But I have left out half the incident, and all the fun. It is a tale of horrid suffering and cruelty—only the torment can excuse the cruelty—but also it is wildly funny. It shows a genius for the comic episode—the comic phrase. There is the visit of the Thrush of Erin, that decaying songster. There are the antics of that unrepentant cannibal, Uncle Pihopa... even his death and funeral are funny. Indeed, the painful and the riotous come cheek by jowl. And there is true compassion—which usually means something dismal, but in this case not.

"Ashanti Blood," by Ann Mary Fielding (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.), is a more stilted product altogether, though it has excitements. The setting and reputed villain is the tropical forest, which rots all stamina and virtue. But Robert Haddon and his wife are still untouched. Robert is managing a little gold-mine, with tremendous zeal. He loves his work; he worships Philippa, and she adores him. Both are supremely happy in the forest. Both have maintained their standards—and not, like Rumbold at the mine and Percy Tanner of the bank, because their souls are dry, and all they want to feed on is malicious rumour. Soul is the Haddons' strength. It is complete in Philippa, who owns herself to have no bad desires: perhaps more breachable in Robert, who is less immune. His boast lies rather in possessing "all the seeds of evil." And though he would admit that it is wrong of Jubb and Perkins to have local "wives," really he doesn't mind at all; whereas he can't stand little Morgan, who is shocked at them. The boy's conceit of virtue, he declares, is humbug. "My God—let man drink, fornicate, steal, let him commit murder, but if he admits what he is—he isn't lost!"

In other words, he has reserved the right to sin; and the occasion follows. First he sustains two shocks: a flooded tunnel, and a visiting director. And then come "Easy" Marshall and his wife. She is a fresh, seductive little innocent—and he is "easy." Robert succumbs with a great crash, and we are told the forest is to blame. But I was not convinced; it seemed to me exactly like them, and a bad show. But still the scene is good; the natives are sketched in with knowledge, though without much sympathy; and in its way the novel has distinction.

"Portrait of Mellie," by Diana Petre (Bodley Head; 12s. 6d.), though it returns us to home ground, is far more striking and eccentric. It is, indeed, suffused with oddities. Its fault is want of core; nothing is really focal, nobody is plumbed, and there is no sustaining norm. But in all parts the execution is minute and brilliant. Mellie, the central figure, is herself a freak. She has been brought up like an odalisque in a harem, by an adoring father. She has met no one else. And then she takes a drive with Arnold Sollaby; her father storms, and Mellie walks out of the house. She becomes Arnold's wife. He is rich, sweet, and soon enthralled—but he gets no return. Mellie can't love. She has a perfect horror of reality. She farms her children out, then rents a house for them, and puts an aged oddity in charge, and runs off to the Continent with her familiar spirit—an ogress picked up in a dress shop. Then, after vagrant years, she suddenly decides to be a mother.... A bald account of a remarkable achievement. This writer should be watched.

"The Man in My Shoes," by John Newton Chance (Macdonald; 9s. 6d.), opens with Dr. Goswell at the garden door, upon a dusky summer evening. If he is dead to-morrow night, the hero, David Chance, is to complete his job. For David too has been an agent. As for what job—the clues are in the filing cabinet. It is a brisk and a good-humoured story; and if you like the unmixed thriller, it is not dull.—K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

"WILD ENORMITIES OF ANCIENT MAGNANIMITY"

"PYRAMIDS, arches, obelisks were but the irregularities of vainglory and wild enormities of ancient magnanimity." With these severe words from Sir Thomas Browne, Mr. J. E. Manchip White opens his book "Ancient Egypt" (Wingate; 21s.). The purpose of this remarkable young archaeologist—remarkable because, unlike so many scholars, he can write clearly, attractively and well—is, as he says, "to give an account in general terms of the enigmatic civilisation of the ancient Egyptians and to try to offer some explanation of the principles which animated it." In his self-imposed task he has most admirably succeeded. The incredible florescence of civilisation in the long Nilotic oasis which is Egypt, its luxury, its broad-mindedness (except towards the narrow-minded, such as the heretic Pharaoh Akhenaton), the immense length of time, as compared with other civilisations, for which those of the Pharaohs lasted, have always held a fascination for the imaginations of the scholar and the archaeologist, the historian and the general reader. Akhenaton's crime, which led him to be described as the "great criminal of Akhenaton," was his fanatical belief in a single sun deity as opposed to the 2000 assorted anthropomorphic gods which the ancient Egyptians cheerfully incorporated into their remarkable, formless, religious system. With the same fanaticism he defaced the inscriptions of the older gods, but though execrated in his day and after it, he must remain for ever celebrated for the beauty of his implacable Queen Nefertiti, and as the predecessor of Tutankhamon. Not that Tutankhamon was a remarkable Pharaoh in himself. Indeed, he succeeded at a time of weakness and chaos within, grave threats from abroad, died very young and was, as Mr. White says, "disregarded by the nobility, despised by the priesthood and interred hastily in a borrowed tomb and in a broken sarcophagus." But he was remarkable in that his tomb was the only tomb of all the Pharaohs not to be successfully broken into and rifled by tomb-robbers. Its incredible wealth, the profusion and beauty of its contents remained, in consequence, undisturbed for close on 3000 years, and again we may wonder with Mr. White, "what must have been the funerary splendours of a more illustrious resident of the Valley of the Kings?" Even though, however, there exists but this one perfect example to give us a picture of the life and death of a Pharaoh, the beneficence of the Sun God has left us unique opportunities of judging the extent of this ancient civilisation, for the hot sun and clear atmosphere of Egypt have combined with the warm, dry sand to provide a most perfect preservative of the statuary and the art of the land of the long-vanished Pharaohs.

The final extinction of the ancient civilisation of Egypt—by then Hellenised and Romanised—took place at the hands of the Arabs. The amount of destruction which they accomplished in the early stages of the Arab invasions along the whole of the North African shore and in Southern Spain can scarcely be computed. After the first period of destruction, however, the Arabs settled down to provide their own by no means unremarkable civilisation. A monument (in sheer physical weight it almost resembles one) to an important period of this development is contained in "The Muslim Architecture of Egypt," by K. A. C. Creswell (Oxford University Press; £15 15s.). The volume covers the period from A.D. 939 to A.D. 1171, and deals particularly with the architecture, religious and military, of the Fatimids. As I say, it is almost literally a monumental work, needing some strength to lift it and suitable only for a library or (if they still exist) for those big lecterns on which, in the large country houses in my youth, Uncle Roderick's monograph on "Lesser-known Birds of the Foothills of the Andes" was supported. I can well believe, however, that this book will prove invaluable and indeed indispensable to Islamic scholars and Arabists. It is beautifully printed, has a most complete bibliography, excellent drawings and a very large number of first-class photographs, particularly of the important Mosque of Al-Azhar, the religious Oxford and Cambridge of the modern Islamic world. Naturally a book of this sort would scarcely be described as a commercial proposition, and it is therefore pleasing to note that King Farouk played an indirect part in this production, for, as Professor Creswell says, the volume "would never have seen the light of day, had it not been for the great interest which his Majesty King Farouk I. takes in art and archaeology, and for his most liberal and handsome gift towards the cost of printing it." Whatever views the average man may have on King Farouk's attitude towards this country, scholars will be grateful for this enlightened example of twentieth-century patronage.

There are, as far as I can see, only two Egyptian examples in "Towards Modern Art, or King Solomon's Picture Book," by Ludwig Goldscheider (Phaidon; 25s.), and those of a debased Hellenised nature. Perhaps the reason is that modern art, as we know it, being mostly impressionistic, can find little from which to copy in the clarity and formalism of ancient Egyptian art. Mr. Goldscheider takes as his text the verse from Ecclesiastes: "And there is no new thing under the sun. Is there a thing whereof it may be said, see, this is new? It hath been already in the ages which were before us"; and on this text he points out that

non-representative, abstract and expressionistic art has been found throughout most periods. He rightly points out that modern art is no longer modern, but academic, and that "no young artist would have any chance of success if he defied the rigid laws of academic modernism." His representations of modern pictures, together with similar pictures from the vanished centuries, are most skilfully and wittily chosen to prove his main thesis.

Two other books in the same series, at the same price, and by the same editor, deserve commendation. One is "Leonardo da Vinci: Landscapes and Plants," and the other "Unknown Renaissance Portraits." The first provides a more or less complete edition of all Leonardo's landscapes and studies of plant life, including some fascinating detail, natural size, of his early pen-and-ink drawings. The second deals with the sudden burgeoning of the art of the medallist in the Italy of the Renaissance. The enlarged portraits of the great men and women of that period which resulted from it are most attractively reproduced.—E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

CHESS IN IRELAND.

IT is a curious inversion of what one would expect of the so-called Irish temperament that whereas Irish players have disappointed in ordinary chess, they can hold their own with anybody at chess by post. The development of postal chess in Ireland owes an immeasurable debt to one man, T. P. Donnegan, of Dublin, who organised an Irish Correspondence Championship with surpassing efficiency for an incredible length of time. He is just beginning to ease off, at the age of ninety or so. Although this event was open to all comers and attractive enough to tempt into the lists some leading English and Scottish players, the title was gained, far more often than not, by native contenders; and the more well known it became and the stronger the overseas entry, the less impression, it seemed, the visitors could make on the home contingent. I recall at least two British Correspondence Chess Champions who entered for the Irish Open, but failed to win it.

Ireland has naturally had some great enthusiasts and organisers in the ordinary chess sphere, but somehow they never managed to kindle such a spark. Last time their champion competed in the European zonal championships, he earned one of the unkindest cuts in chess reporting of all time, Golombek remarking that his play had been somewhat worse than his score. What had been his score? One draw and twelve losses from thirteen games.

That the matter is one of environment and not native talent is, to my mind, proved conclusively by the achievements of C. H. O'Donnell Alexander who, though he learnt his chess in Birmingham and has never left anybody in the least doubt that he chooses to be regarded as an England player, was born in Connemara. (Incidentally, nobody to my recollection has ever commented on the extraordinary resemblance of his name to that of the greatest Irish player of all time, the Ulsterman who played those historic games against Labourdonnais over a century ago: Alexander MacDonnell.)

Here, however, is a game played in Dublin last December for which I have to thank the Italian chess magazine *L'Italia Scacchistica* for introducing me.

Centre Game.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
J. J. Walsh.	K. O'Riordan.	J. J. Walsh.	K. O'Riordan.
1. P-K4	P-K4	6. Q-K4	Kt-Kt3
2. P-Q4	P×P	7. Kt-QB3	B-B4
3. Q×P	Kt-QB3	8. Kt-B3	Q-K2
4. Q-K3	Kt-B3	9. B-KKt5	Q-K3
5. P-K5 ?	Kt-Q4	10. QKt-Kt5	B-Q3

Not 10. ... Kt-Q4 ?; 11. Q×Kt! Q×Q; 12. Kt×Pch, etc.

11. Castles(Q) Castles(K) 13. B-B6 P-Q4 !

12. Kt×B P×Kt

It would have been very dangerous to take the bishop 13. ... P×B; 14. R×P, P-B4; 15. Q-KR4, Q-K2; 16. R-B6, Kt×P; 17. Kt-Kt5, for instance, wins.

14. Q-KR4 P×B 16. Q-Kt3ch Q-Kt3

15. P×P! Q-K5 17. Kt-Kt5! Kt-Kt5!

Not 17. ... Q×KBp; 18. B-Q3, and Black is helpless against the various discovered checks.

18. B-Q3 Kt×Bch 22. P×P B-B4

19. R×Kt P-KR3 23. Q-R2 Q-R2

20. P-KR4! P-Q3 24. Q×Qch B×Q

21. Q×P P×Kt 25. R(Q3)-KR3 KR-K1

In a desperate situation Black, whose resistance has helped to make the game what it is, sets an insidious trap. If now 26. R×B, R-K8ch! wins for Black, but White sees it.

26. K-Q1! Black resigns.



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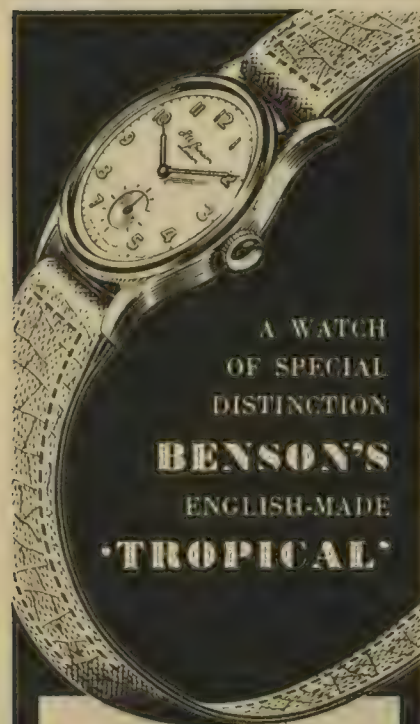


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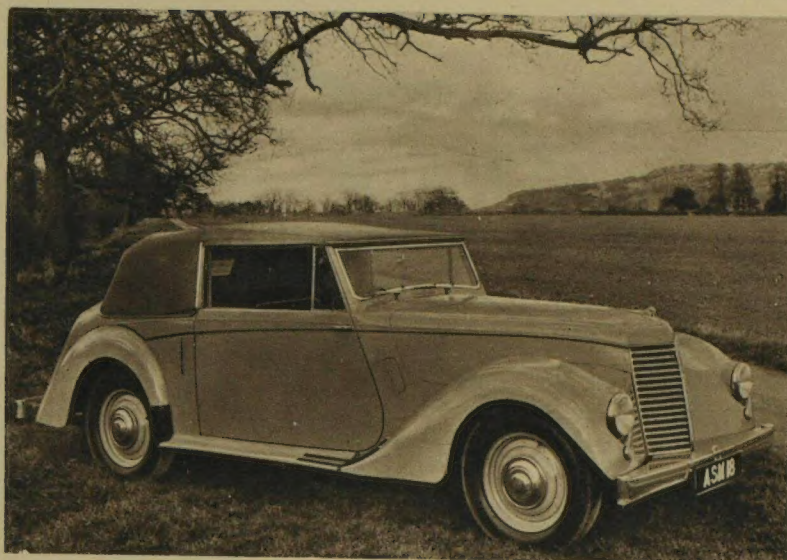
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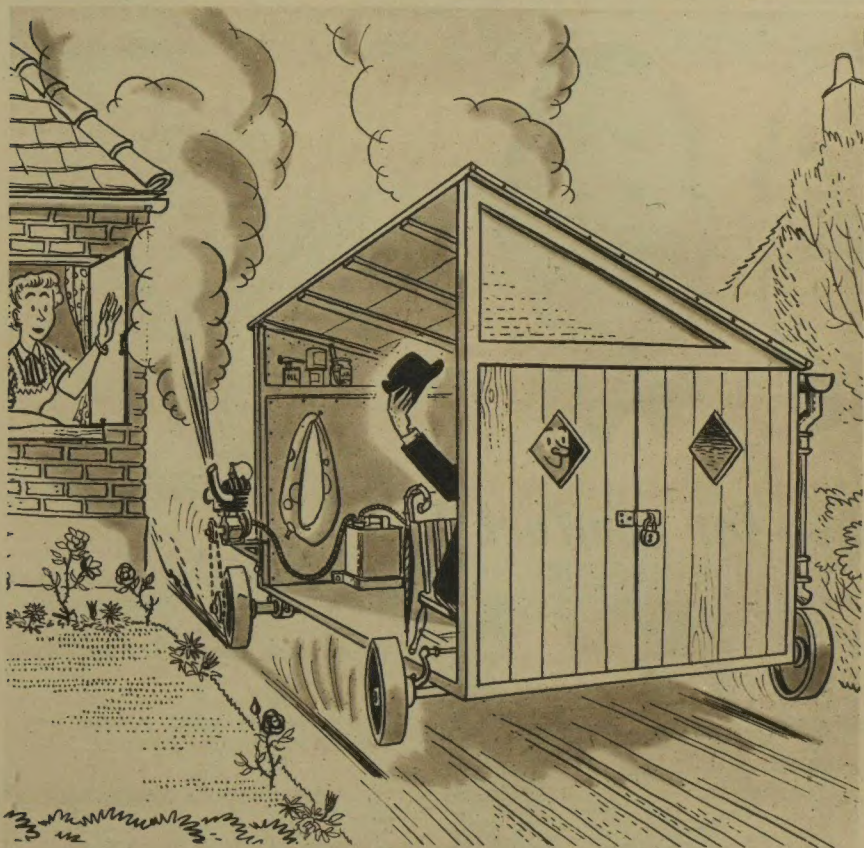


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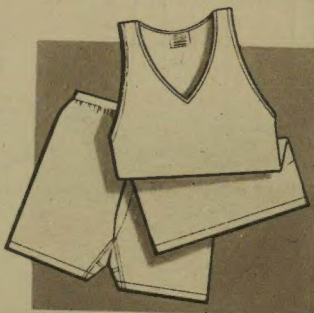
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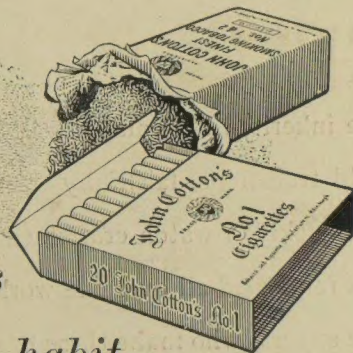
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